

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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### The Newport Season.

Now that the Newport season is practically over, it does not seem to have been wholly bad. It had been very far from a big season, such as we had hoped for in the middle of the winter, but there have been some redeeming features. There were many unforeseen and inevitable events that operated against all summer resorts along the coast, and Newport has of course felt them. The sailing of our naval vessels to Mexican waters was the first blow that fell in the late spring, and the money that the men of the fleet have been accustomed to spend here has been mostly missed by those who especially catered to their wants. Newporters comforted themselves, however, with the thought that the contest for the America's cup would bring about a great revival of interest in yachting, which could not fail to affect Newport favorably. And this gave promise of proving true until the outbreak of the war made it necessary to postpone the race for a year.

The war of course has affected Newport in other ways. Many of the great entertainments which had been scheduled for the late summer were called off because of a lack of desire for pleasure when the Europeans were engaged in a death struggle, and more especially because the embassies of two leading hostile nations, Germany and Russia, were located here. On the other hand the war has forced many wealthy Newporters to return to their homes before they expected to, and will undoubtedly keep them at Newport later in the season than usual.

Another serious handicap has been the weather. Like other resorts, Newport has had a large amount of cold and wet weather during the summer, which has kept the transient visitors away, and has cooled the ardor of many who had come for the whole season. But the holidays and holidays have been uniformly good and this has helped some to offset the disagreeable weekdays, as far as the excursion travel is concerned. We are hoping now to have some fine fall weather which will help to keep people here until well into the winter. The National Lawn Tennis Tournament was a great success, drawing a vast throng of people to Newport each day. Automobiles came in by the hundred during tennis week, and their occupants must have spent some money here. In fact it has been a good season for automobile parties, the number of machines coming across the ferries and also passing along Broadway being largely in excess of previous years on the days when the weather was favorable.

Locally there is considerable building going on. There is a brick business in the erection of small cottages in various parts of the city, and two of the large summer houses begun some months ago are not yet completed. The city is erecting a new Police Station, and the Government has begun work on the new building for the Torpedo Station.

In fact there is much work going on at the Government stations that gives employment to civilian employees, as well as distributing considerable money among officers and enlisted men, much of which will be spent in Newport. The Torpedo Station plant is constantly being increased and will be worked at full capacity for a long time, with plenty of money available through appropriations already made.

Take it altogether, the coming winter need not be so bad, after all. And we shall have a good chance to make our plans for the next summer which should be a busy one for Newport.

### Some Cold Weather.

September has certainly given us a taste of cold weather, in preparation for what may come during the next six months. Wednesday night some thermometers went as low as 45 and as there was a strong northwest wind blowing it was decidedly winterish. Coming so soon after the extremely hot weather of Monday it was the more noticeable. In some places in New England there were frosts, and even here on the shore there were some indications of frost in low places. The weather bureau finds that we have had the coldest September days in many years. However Foster predicts some extremely warm weather before the close of the month, so that we shall probably have a chance to even up things. Certainly we don't want winter yet, but it has felt decidedly like it.

The season at Block Island has not averaged up as bad as at some other resorts. A few of the hotels have done a splendid business throughout the entire summer. The excursion business has not been up to the standard on account of the bad weather, and the fishermen have had a poor summer's business. One large hotel has done practically nothing, and a large amount of money has been sunk there, but with this exception all the other houses have made money.

### Will of Mrs. William Binney.

The will of Josephine Angier Binney, widow of William Binney, of Providence and Newport, who died at her summer home in this city a few weeks ago, was admitted to probate in the Newport court on Monday, the executor being William Binney, Jr., of Warwick, and Theodore Francis Green of Providence, with bond of \$200,000 without security. The personal estate will not exceed \$200,000. There are a number of public bequests as well as many private ones. Among the public bequests are \$10,000 to the Providence Public Library, as a Binney fund for the purchase of books; \$10,000 to the American Unitarian Association of Massachusetts; \$10,000 to the Women's College of Brown University; \$2,000 for the purchase of books for the children's department of the Providence Public Library; \$3,000 to the Sharon Auditorium; \$3,000 to the Providence District Nursing Association; \$2,000 to the Rhode Island School of Design.

A number of bequests of sums of \$1,000 are made to friends and various institutions are devoted to friends and relatives. A cousin, Feroline Angier Vernon, widow of Joseph Peace Vernon of this city, is given \$50,000 outright, and another cousin, Abigail Adams Angier, is given \$10,000. Greenville Phillips Vernon, Joseph Angier Vernon and William Binney, Jr., each receive \$10,000. The residuary legacies are Abigail Adams Angier, Feroline Angier Vernon, and William Binney, Jr., each to receive one third of the residuum.

Mr. George L. Hinckley, of the Forbes Library of Northampton, Mass., has been elected librarian of the Redwood Library in this city to succeed Mr. Richard Bliss, whose resignation will take effect on October 1st. The new librarian is a young man, a graduate of Yale, and has had about ten years experience in library work, having been connected with the Boston Public Library before going to the Forbes Library at Northampton.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. D. Pearce, wife of Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce, for many years rector of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, died at her home on Kay street on Tuesday, after having been ill for a long time. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce had made their home in Newport since his retirement, some two years ago, and had many friends here. Besides her husband, Mrs. Pearce leaves two sons, Mr. Berkeley Pearce of Cleveland, and Rev. Reginald Pearce of Ipswich, Mass., and a daughter, Miss Edith Pearce, who lived at home.

The summer season has passed its height, and there will be few excursions until another summer opens. The Beach will keep open a while longer, while the good weather lasts and the patronage holds on. Special dinners are planned there for the next two Sundays, although the restaurant will be closed on weekdays. The west bathing section will remain open for some time.

There was some excitement at the Second Beach on Sunday when an valuable automobile was nearly lost in the sand. Charles W. Green of New Jersey left his Cadillac standing on the sand while his party had a picnic on the shore. The incoming tide caused it to settle and it took some hours to get it out, a large party of men and a yoke of oxen being called to help.

The annual meeting and clambake of the Major A. A. Barker Association was held at the camp of Colonel Herbert Bliss on Sunday, when officers were elected for the year. Andrew T. McLaughlin was chosen president, Carl T. North vice president, and John Shaw secretary.

A check for \$3000 has been sent to the treasurer of the International Red Cross Society, making a total of \$43,000 raised for this purpose at the recent bazaar in this city.

A number of members of the Harvard football team are at Gould Island for early fall practice under Coach Percy D. Haughton, who has a summer residence on the island.

Mr. J. Irving Shepley has sufficiently recovered from his recent operation for appendicitis to be able to return to his home.

Mrs. Hamilton McKay Twombly has closed her Newport residence and gone to Madison, N. J., for the fall season.

Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt has arrived at "Sandy Point Farm," having come from Europe by way of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoyvesant-Fish have gone to Garrison-on-the-Hudson for the fall season.

Mr. Hugh L. Taylor of Washington is spending a couple of weeks in Newport.

Miss Gertrude Hummel has returned from a vacation on Cape Cod.

### Fire at Drexel Place.

The Drexel residence on Ochre Point was considerably damaged by fire at an early hour Wednesday morning, and but for the timely discovery of the blaze by the night watchman the loss would have been much more extensive. The house this summer is occupied by Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, pending the completion of her new house further along the Cliffs, and she was aroused and dressed when the fire was discovered, although it was located in a distant part of the house.

The fire was seen breaking through the roof of the cleaning room about 4.00 o'clock in the morning by the night watchman, who aroused the household and then rang in an alarm from box 72. The employees went to work at once with fire extinguishers and kept the flames in control until the Chemical engine arrived when they were quickly extinguished. All the contents of the room are a total loss and the house was considerably damaged, although not enough to interfere with its use by Mrs. Widener and her guests.

The cause of the fire is attributed to an electric flat which had been left for the night with the current turned on and had become overheated.

### Recent Deaths.

Lydia B. Barker.

Miss Lydia Elizabeth Barker, daughter of Colonel A. A. Barker, died at her home on Broadway on Monday after having been ill for only a short time. She had been employed as a designer in New York and was stricken there a few weeks ago, being brought to Newport for treatment. Medical aid was powerless to check the development of the disease and she died rapidly until the end came.

Miss Barker was a young woman of particularly attractive disposition and had a host of friends. She was a graduate of the Rogers High School and of Pratt Institute, standing well in both these institutions and being a favorite with teachers and pupils. Her father was in Cuba at the time of her death, but her brother, Mr. Ray Barker, who is also in business there, was at home on his vacation. Besides her father and brother she is survived by two sisters, Miss Alva Barker of this city and Mrs. George Verrill of Brooklyn. Her mother died some time ago.

Mr. Edward Wyman Higbee, Jr., of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Higbee of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Louise Cory Carr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilles Carr of Jamestown, on Thursday afternoon, the ceremony being performed at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church of this city. Only immediate relatives and friends were present and there were no attendants. The bride wore an attractive gown of white crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of roses. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Higbee left on a wedding trip to Hanover, N. H., and other points in New Hampshire. They will be at home after November 1st at 616 Boyd avenue, Woodhaven, Long Island.

It is not the intention of the street commissioner to proceed south of Pleasant street on the Broadway surfacing at present. As soon as that point is reached the outfit will be removed to Third street to finish up there, and if the weather permits after that street is completed, work will be resumed on Broadway. The easterly side of Broadway below Bliss road, as far as Rhode Island avenue, was finished in the early spring and is now in excellent condition, but the center and west side is in bad shape.

The public schools will re-open next Monday, after a longer vacation than usual. When the school calendar was laid out it was the supposition that there would be some observance of Perry Day in this city, and for that reason the date of opening was set later than usual.

A party of twelve Boy Scouts, under Scout Master Alfred R. C. Katzenmeier, enjoyed a four days' sail around the island this week, leaving here Tuesday morning. On the return trip they were met at Lawton's Valley by a party of Scouts who marched out overland and a temporary camp was made there.

Miss Sadie Ellery Barker, daughter of Mrs. P. J. Hamilton, was united in marriage on Sunday to Mr. Frank Charles Frado, manager of the Bridge Company's store here, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., at the rectory of Emmanuel Church.

Mr. Benjamin G. Oman of New York spent Labor Day with relatives in this city. Mr. Oman is now connected with Harpers Bazaar, which was taken over by the Hearst interests about a year ago, and which has been built up wonderfully under the new management.

### Improvement Association.

At the annual meeting of the Newport Improvement Association held on Monday evening the retiring officers were re-elected as follows:

President—John Thompson Spencer. Vice Presidents—George L. Rives, William P. Buffum, Henry A. C. Taylor, Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs. Secretary—Max Levy. Treasurer—Peter King. Executive Committee—Frederick P. Garrettson (chairman), Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbill, General William Ennis, T. T. Pimman, Guan M. Hutton, Mrs. H. Manson Smith, Colonel Joseph H. Willard, Jeremiah K. Sullivan.

A number of matters of interest to the city were taken up, the most interesting discussion centering about the Washington street boulevard. Alderman Kirby and Mr. H. B. Wood appeared to speak in favor of the construction of the boulevard, showing that a detour could be made around the Government Hospital property without serious detriment to the road. A number of others spoke in favor of having the city go ahead with the road and it is probable that further action will be taken.

The prize cups for the Newport County Fair Horse Show are on exhibition in a Thomas street window, and are attracting much attention. The management has made particular effort to have a good horse show this year, having issued a special premium list for this part of the fair. There will also be prize dancing in the evening, and the cups for the winners are also on exhibition.

The Jamestown & Newport Ferry has had a large amount of automobile business this week, which appears larger because one of the boats has been taken off and hourly schedule has been adopted. The Horse Show has brought many over to this side in the morning and sent them back in the afternoon, while many others have reversed the direction of travel on their way to the Kingston Fair.

The board of aldermen met on Tuesday evening as a board of canvassers to go over the voting lists for the first time this year. City Clerk Fullerton had prepared a tentative list, comprising the registration for the year, and the changes that had been brought to the attention of his office. The lists this year will be the largest in the history of the city.

The federal government has acquired title to the old Finch & Engle wharf property, adjoining the government landing on the south, and steps will be taken at once to throw it into the original government tract, so as to give greatly increased facilities for landing parties. The deed was filed at the City Hall on Thursday, the price being given as \$35,000.

At the regular monthly meeting of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held with Mrs. A. C. Landers on Tuesday, Mrs. Harvey J. Lockrow read an interesting paper on "The Daughters of Liberty." Considerable business of importance was transacted by the executive board previous to the general meeting.

Mr. James W. Williams, who has been in the employ of the local street railway as a conductor for many years, has tendered his resignation and will shortly remove to Boston, where an excellent opportunity has recently been presented to him. Mr. Williams has made many friends by his unfailing courtesy and attention.

The wedding of Miss Gladys D. Kaul, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Kaul, and Ensign Ralph S. Wentworth, U. S. N., will take place at the Chapel of Emmanuel Church this evening, only immediate relatives and friends being present.

Lieutenant Francis Rusher Kerr, U. S. A., a son of Mr. Robert Kerr, of this city, was united in marriage on Tuesday to Miss May Regina Rothwell of New York. The ceremony was performed in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in New York.

Work on the granolithic sidewalks ordered by the representative council last winter, is now being pushed along rapidly, 15 carloads of crushed having arrived this week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. Edward Farnum entertained a number of friends at their camp in Beavertail on Monday, in honor of their wedding anniversary.

A cablegram from Paris announces that James Gordon Bennett was married on September 10th to the Baroness George de Roter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Hanson, who have been in Newport since early in the spring, will return to Taunton to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham have returned from Maine where they spent the month of August.

### Sons of the Revolution.

The annual dinner of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, was held at the rooms of the Miantonomi Club on Thursday evening, the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie. It has been the custom in the past to hold the dinner on the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island, August 29th, but this year that date fell on a Saturday, and it was thought desirable to select Perry Day instead.

The dinner was served in the two dining rooms of the Club, thrown together so that the tables ran at right angles to each other. The society's colors, blue and yellow, were represented by crossed ribbons stretching down the tables, and the Society's banner was draped upon the wall. An excellent dinner was served by the steward's department of the club, the cooking and service being faultless.

After the dinner, Colonel Edward A. Sherman, president of the Society, acted as toastmaster, and gave a short address of welcome to the members and guests. He presented as the first speaker, Rev. William Safford Jones, historian of the Society, who told of the trip of the three Rhode Island delegates to the triennial session of the General Society at Old Point Comfort last April. Mr. Herbert Warren Lull was the next speaker and was followed by Hon. William Paine Sheffield, who spoke particularly of the significance of Perry Day in Newport.

There were 35 members and guests at the dinner.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who arrived on the Olympic, stated that his entire stable in England was confiscated and 37 horses, all valuable, were taken by the British government which paid him £50 apiece.

The annual fair at Kingston drew a large attendance from Newport County, as well as from other sections of the State.

The Moose will have a large gathering at the Beach tomorrow, preceded by a street parade to escort several visiting delegations.

The Fall River Line boats, beginning tomorrow, will leave Newport at the same hour Sundays as on weekdays.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular correspondent)

The reunion on Labor Day of the children of the late Joseph Coggeshall and Mary Gould Chase Dennis of Portsmouth and Middletown, (13 of the 14 living) marked an epoch in this family as it was the first gathering of the kind which they had ever had. The idea originated with Walter Dennis of Newport and was carried out by the oldest child, Mrs. Herbert (Ellis) Chase, at the former home of her husband's father, the Constant Chase place, where she is now living with her family.

Sixty-eight were present for the day, the families represented being Mr. and Mrs. Herbert (Ellis) Chase, 6 children, 16 grandchildren; Mr. and Mrs. John (Ruth) Weaver and 5 children of Newport; Mr. and Mrs. I. Newton Dennis and one son of Middletown; Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Chase (Hannah), of Middletown 9 children, 15 grandchildren. John Chase Dennis, of Newport, not represented; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Manchester (Sarah), and one daughter of Middletown; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dennis and one son of Middletown; Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Hall (Jane S.) of Newport and two children; Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Dennis of Providence, not represented; Mr. Edward Wetherell (Mary G.) of Newport, 3 children, 2 grandchildren, represented by a daughter; Walter Dennis of Newport; Milton Dennis of Portsmouth; Mr. and Mrs. Benj. I. Dennis of Newport and two children. Lewis R. Manchester served one of his famous chowders at noon which was served from a rustic table fastened to the trees, the children being grouped together at smaller tables. Games proved entertaining for the children, and Smith of Newport photographed the entire party. Ice cream, cake, and candy, were served at 4 P. M. The gathering dispersed at about 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles M. Bull entertained on Wednesday at her summer home near the One Mile Corner, the September meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches. Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester, Vice pres., conducted the meeting in the absence of the president, Mrs. Elbert A. Sisson. Rev. F. W. Goodman was in charge of the devotion. A large amount of business was transacted including encouraging reports from the various departments. The members voted to expend \$5.00 for material to be made up and donated to St. Mary's Orphanage Providence. Mrs. Bull and Miss Emma Chase were appointed a committee to solicit garments also for the Orphanage.

The subject, "Confucius," was discussed this being a part of the year's study on "China." Mrs. Charles Weaver also read an interesting account of the work of the American Schools in China. Upon adjournment the guests were served light refreshments in the dining room where Miss Adele Bull, daughter of the hostess, and Mrs. Yarnell poured tea and coffee.

Rev. E. E. Wells continued on Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church, his talks upon "Happiness" which were held through August, the last being, "Happiness and Books."

# The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

## A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

Author of  
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"  
"THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

## CHAPTER XXVII.

As the sun, after a passing storm, comes forth all the more gloriously, so the joy of their new-found friendship changed the world for Bud and Gracia. The rainbow that glowed against the retreating clouds held forth more than a promise of sunshine for them, and they conversed only of pleasant things as they rode on up the trail.

The dangers that still lay between them and the border seemed very remote now, and neither gave them a thought. There was no one in all the wide world but just these two, this man and woman who had found themselves.

Twenty miles ahead lay the northern pass, and from there it was ten more to Gadsden, but they spoke neither of the pass nor of Gadsden nor of who would be awaiting them there. Their talk was like that of children, inconsequential and happy. They told of the times when they had seen each other, and what they had thought, of the days of their childhood, before they had met at Fortuna; of hopes and fears and thwarted ambitions and all the young dreams of life.

Bud told of his battle-scarred father and their ranch in Arizona; of his mother and horse-breaking brothers, and his wanderings through the West; Gracia of her mother, with nothing of her father, and how she had fitted in order to be sent to school where she could gaze upon the upstanding Americans. Only Bud thought of the trail and scanned the horizon for rebels, but he seemed more to seek her eyes than to watch for enemies and death.

They rode on until the sun sank low and strange tracks struck their trail from the east. Bud observed that the horses were shod, and many tracks of mules and men came in beyond. He turned sharply toward the west and followed a rocky ledge to the hill, without leaving a foot-print to mark the way of their retreat.

These foot-prints brought Bud back from the land of dreams in which he had been wandering to a realization of the dangers that lurked about them. But a little way ahead was the pass they must cross, and he suddenly realized that they could not safely do so in the broad light of day. He must not take such chances of losing his new-found happiness.

By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and ladrones, men to whom human life was nothing and a woman no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the bandits recognized one set eyes on Gracia it would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a home in which this woman now sleeping beside him was the queen. He dreamed of years to come with unbounded happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty to his partner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been refreshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The light watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of him. If he did not sleep now he might close in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his hair, but she reassured him with a word and led him up the hill to their lookout. It was then that he understood her silence. In the brief hours during which he had slept the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of men. But now as the velvet night settled down upon the land it brought out the glimmering specks of a hundred camp-fires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadsden.

"Look!" she said. "I did not want to wake you, but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?"

"No; only a few minutes," she answered. "At sundown I saw those over to the east—they are along the base

of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now, and see! there are more, and more!"

"Some outfit coming in from the north," said Bud. "They've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

"Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurrectors?"

"Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from encampment to encampment. "But whoever they are," he added, "they're no friends of ours. We've got to go around them."

"And if we can't?" suggested Gracia.

"I reckon we'll have to go through them," answered Hooker grimly. "We don't want to get caught here in the morning."

"Ride right through their camp?" gasped Gracia.

"Let the contraband get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to a showdown, we'll ride for it! Are you game?"

He turned to read the answer, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Try me!" she challenged, drawing nearer to him in the darkness. And so they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promises. Then, as the night grew darker and no new fire appeared, Hooker saddled up the well-fed horses and they picked their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' feet falling silently upon the even ground. Not a word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others, too, might be abroad. The distant fires were dying now, except a few where men rose to feed them.

The draying of burros came in from the flats to the right and as the fugitives drew near the first encampment they could hear the voices of the night guards as they rode about the horses' heads. Then, as they waited impatiently, the watch-dog died down, the guards no longer sang their high falsetto, and even the burros were still.

This was their opportunity. If they were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, given as they were, must be taken if need be.

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as their horses twitched restlessly at the bits they gave them the rain and rode ahead at a venture.

At their left the last embankment of the river revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the borders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that prickled and swivelled, and delicate nostrils sniffing the Mexican taint, he plodded along through the grasswood, driving by some instinct his master's need of care.

The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle, when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, staring sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass. And as the sentry stared stupidly after him he rode on through the bushes, neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Good luck!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw you at all."

"No, I distended myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-horse."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The warning moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow defiles and into moonlit spaces, and still they did not mount the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican peasants count themselves late if they do not take the trail at sunup—what if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat steps; Gracia's roan came scrambling behind; and then, just as the hooved walls ended and they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddles, packs, and rifles, all scattered at their feet.

"Buenos dias!" saluted Bud, as the blinking men rose up from their blankets. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?" called out of her reverie.

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"Try me!" she challenged, drawing nearer to him in the darkness. And so they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promises. Then, as the night grew darker and no new fire appeared, Hooker saddled up the well-fed horses and they picked their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' feet falling silently upon the even ground. Not a word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others, too, might be abroad. The distant fires were dying now, except a few where men rose to feed them.

The draying of burros came in from the flats to the right and as the fugitives drew near the first encampment they could hear the voices of the night guards as they rode about the horses' heads. Then, as they waited impatiently, the watch-dog died down, the guards no longer sang their high falsetto, and even the burros were still.

This was their opportunity. If they were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, given as they were, must be taken if need be.

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as their horses twitched restlessly at the bits they gave them the rain and rode ahead at a venture.

At their left the last embankment of the river revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the borders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that prickled and swivelled, and delicate nostrils sniffing the Mexican taint, he plodded along through the grasswood, driving by some instinct his master's need of care.

The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle, when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, staring sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass. And as the sentry stared stupidly after him he rode on through the bushes, neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Good luck!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw you at all."

"No, I distended myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-horse."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The warning moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow defiles and into moonlit spaces, and still they did not mount the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican peasants count themselves late if they do not take the trail at sunup—what if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat steps; Gracia's roan came scrambling behind; and then, just as the hooved walls ended and they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddles, packs, and rifles, all scattered at their feet.

"Buenos dias!" saluted Bud, as the blinking men rose up from their blankets. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?" called out of her reverie.

"Oh, nothing," answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I saw the full moon is open again—they might be somebody up there looking for us."

"You mean—"

"Well, say a bunch of rurales."

He turned still farther to the north as he spoke and spurred his faded horse on. Gracia kept her roan beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes. He was a hard-looking man now, with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to his jaw. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a useful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

"What is it now?" she inquired, pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?"

"That's about our luck," returned Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this ravine here we'll turn north and hit for the line."

"All right," she agreed. "My horse is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud."

She tried to catch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of the burros.

"Then's rurales," he said at last, "and heading straight for us—but we've come too far to get caught now. Come on!" he added brusquely, and went galloping up the slope.

For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads below the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the cat bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too cozy for me," he muttered, as Gracia looked over at the approaching rurales. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead."

"No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave you—that's all," she declared, as he turned to command her. "Oh, come along, Bud!" She laid an impulsive hand on his arm and he thrust his gun back into the sling with a thud.

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Go ahead—and say the bidio of that rural!"

They were less than a mile from the line, but the rurales had foreseen their run in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their fresh horses to the utmost now across the open prairie, and as the roan lagged and faltered in his stride Bud could see that the race was lost.

"Head for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one of the international markers as he faced their pursuers. "You'll make it—they won't shoot a woman!"

He reached for his gun as he spoke. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she contended, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me—they won't dare shoot at us then!"

Bud laughed shortly and wheeled in behind her, returning his gun to its sling.

"All right," he said, "we'll ride it out together then!"

He laid the quirt to the roan. In the whirl of racing bushes a white monument flashed up suddenly before them. The rurales were within pistol-shot and whipping like mad to head them. Another figure came flying along the line, a horseman, waving his hands and shouting. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the baffled rurales yelling savagely at their heels.

"Keep a going!" prompted Hooker, as Gracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the gulch there—they rurales are liable to shoot you!"

The final dash brought them to cover, but as Bud leaped down and took Gracia in his arms the roan spread his feet, tumbled, and dropped heavily to the ground.

"He'll be all right," soothed Bud, as Gracia still clung to his arm. Then, as he saw her gaze fixed beyond him, he turned and beheld Philip De Lancey.

It was the same Phil, the same man Bud had called partner, and yet when Hooker saw him there he stiffened and his face grew hard.

"Well!" he said, slowly detaching Gracia's fingers and putting her hand away.

As Phil ran forward to greet them he stepped sidlingly off to one side. What they said he did not know, for his mind was suddenly a blank; but when Phil rushed over and wrung his hand he came back to earth with a start.

"Bodi!" cried De Lancey ecstatically. "How can I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you, old man? Thank God you're safe—I've been watching for you with glasses ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, partner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered. "But I'm afraid you've got in bed! The whole town is crazy about it. Old Aragon came up on the first train, and now they're wired that you killed Del Rey. By Jove, Bud, wasn't

that pulling it a little strong? Captain of the rurales, you know—the whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnapping!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken.

"Bud looked at Phil, who for once, was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for you."

"Well, he can't have him!" cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line; now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But there's the immigration office," interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has claimed you were kidnapped!"

"Kidnapped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey heartily.

Gracia turned as he spoke and surveyed Hooker with a mocking smile. Then she laughed again.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll fix that. I'll tell them that I kidnapped him!"

"No, but seriously!" protested De Lancey, as Bud chuckled heartily.

"You can't cross the line without being passed by the inspectors, and—well, your father is there to get you back."

"But I will not go!" flung back Gracia.

"Oh, my dear girl!" cried De Lancey, frowning in his perplexity. "You don't understand, and you make it awful hard for me. You know they're very strict now—so many law-women coming across the line, for—well, the fact is, unless you are married you can't come in at all!"

"But I'm in!" protested Gracia, flushing hotly. "I'm—"

"They'll deport you," said De Lancey, stepping forward to give her support.

"I know it's hard, dear," he went on, as Bud moved hastily away, "but I've got it all arranged. Why should we wait? You came to marry me, didn't you? Well, you must do it now—right away! I've got the license and the priest all waiting—come on before the rurales get back to town and report that you've crossed the line. We can ride around to the north and come in at the other side of town. Then we—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gracia, pushing him impulsively aside. "I am not ready now. And—"

She paused and glanced at Bud.

"Mr. Hooker," she began, walking gently toward him, "what will you do now?"

"I don't know," answered Hooker huskily.

"Will you come with us—will you?"

"No," said Bud, shaking his head slowly.

"Then I must say good-by!" She waited, but he did not answer. "You have been so good to me," she went on, "so brave, and—have I been brave, too?" she broke in pleadingly. Hooker nodded his head, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "You have heard what Phil has said. I wish now that my mother were here, but—would you mind? Before I go I want to—give you a kiss!"

She reached out her hands impulsively and Hooker started back. His eyes, which had been downcast, blazed suddenly as he gazed at her, and then they flitted to Phil.

"No," he said, and his voice was lifeless and choked.

"You will not?" she asked, after a pause.

"No!" he said again, and she shrank away before his glance.

"Then good-by," she murmured, turning away like one in a dream, and Bud heard the crunch of her steps as she went toward the horses with Phil. Then, as the tears welled to his eyes, he heard a resounding slap and a rush of approaching feet.

"No!" came the voice of Gracia, vibrant with indignation. "I say no!" The spat of her hand rang out again and then, with a piteous sobbing, she came running back to Bud, halting with the stiffness of her long ride.

"I hate you!" she screamed, as Phil came after her. "Oh, I hate you! No, you shall never have the kiss! What if Bud here has refused it, will I give a kiss to you! Ah, you poor, miserable creature!" she cried, wheeling upon him in a sudden fit of passion. "Where were you when I was in danger? Where were you when there was no one to save me? And did you think, then, to steal a kiss, when my heart was sore for Bud! Ah, coward! You are no fit partner! No, I will never marry you—never! Well, go then! And hurry! Oh, how I hate you—to try to steal me from Bud!"

She turned and threw her arms about Hooker's neck and drew his rough face down to her.

"You do love me, don't you, Bud?" she sobbed. "Oh, you are so good—so brave! And now will you take the kiss?"

"Try me!" said Bud.

THE END.

The Koran.

In a recent number of the London Everyman is a review of the Koran and its author Mohammed. It is a one man's book, and that man not an imaginative one, but essentially a man of action and lacking in invention. The Koran is a jumbled mass of precepts, doctrines, threats, injunctions, divine commands, narrative, lyric and epic poetry. Its heaven and hell are too material for modern thought. Obviously, it is meant to be read with the eye, but to be recited, when the repetitions are not nearly so pronounced. It reflects a social order, a system of ideas, as remote from Rome and more especially from Greece, as our own are from the North American Indian. But neither time nor evolution can utterly quench the flame of Mohammed's personality, which carried his followers to reckless excesses, to the sort of aridity of omphos which created an art peculiar to Islam, and touched upon long traditions.

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**The Mercury.**  
Newport, R. I.  
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
Office Telephone 181  
House Telephone 1810  
**Saturday, September 12, 1914.**  
Clear up. Poster says we are going to have a lot of hot weather yet.  
For a time it will be difficult to tell whether white hose is being worn from choice or necessity.  
The new Pope has already turned his efforts to promoting peace among the nations of Europe. No ecclesiast, of whatever rank or faith, could have a higher aim.  
Emperor William regrets the destruction of Louvain, but nothing is heard about the punishment of his officers who were responsible for the wanton outrage.  
When revenues under a miserable pretense of a Democratic tariff are falling fast, how handy it is to resort to an internal revenue tax and lay it to European war.  
The United States postoffice has refused to recognize the Mexican constitutionist postage stamps as legal and no mail bearing these stamps will be delivered unless the postage due stamp is attached and collected. Why not put on the stamps a picture of Wilson's pet bandit, Villafra? They ought to go there.  
Perry Day passed almost unobserved in Newport. The Sons of the Revolution were wise in adopting this date for their annual banquet, even though their society was formed for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of Revolutionary heroes. No patriotic society could go wrong in celebrating the anniversary of the great battle won by Newport's favorite son.  
With the first canvassing of the voting lists comes the reminder that the fall campaign is practically upon us. This will be the first real political campaign for two years, and it will apparently start unusually early for the reason that the Republican conventions have been set for early October. It should be a year of sweeping Republican victories all over the country.  
The loss of life already in this European struggle is beyond measure. Good authority puts the loss to France alone at over 100,000. The French loss is doubtless much smaller than that of Germany or Austria. Add to all this the losses sustained by England, Belgium, Russia and Serbia, and you have a number that appalls the mind. It must certainly foot up nearly if not quite one million.  
In the next issue of the Mercury there will be begun the publication, in serial form, of one of the most stirring and dramatic war stories ever written, "The Last Shot." It is particularly appropriate and interesting at this time, as it deals with a war in Europe, written by one of the leading novel writers of the time. Don't miss the opening installments which will be published in the issue for next week.  
It is going to be mighty hard for the Democratic administration to fool the people into believing that the increased internal revenue tax is wholly due to the exigencies of war. The free trade policies of the government have been wholly discredited both as a means of reducing the cost of the living and as a revenue producer, and the party that supported that policy will have to bear the burden at election time.  
The reports from the seat of war in France seem to indicate that the German advance has been repulsed. Whether this is an actual victory for the Allies remains to be seen. Heretofore there have been many reports of great victories for the Allies, followed by the advance of the Germans a few miles further toward Paris. However, it appears that the Germans are now really retreating, and unless they meet with marked success in the immediate future, it is probable that they have reached high water mark in their advance on Paris. It appears certain that the German plan of campaign at the outbreak of the war was to strike a crushing blow at France before the slower mobilization of that nation could be effected. France once crushed, Germany would be free to meet the attack of the Russians on the East, fighting on even terms. But this programme was upset by the unexpected resistance encountered in Belgium, when the first army of invasion headed for Paris was held until the French troops were ready for battle. Great Britain, also, became an unexpected factor in the war, preventing the use of the German navy for bombarding the seaports of France. Consequently Germany finds herself in a very different position from what she expected when this period in the war should be reached. Confronted in France by a powerful army of French and British troops, strongly entrenched in a battle line of their own choosing; threatened in the rear by a force of British, Russian and Belgian soldiers; and seeing the irresistible Russian main army pouring down upon her from the East with the avowed purpose of taking Berlin, the German emperor must well feel that the situation for his country is perilous in the extreme. The next few weeks must bring a crisis in German affairs.

**Historical Pageant of Warren.**

The Pageant, to be given at Warren, R. I. on the afternoons of October 9, 10, and 12, is well under way. The leading parts have been assigned and the various episodes carefully planned. The Pageant promises to be of very general interest. The principal characters include nearly twenty whose names have a world-wide fame. Among them may be mentioned Massasoit, Canonius, King Philip, Edward Winslow, Miles Standish, John Alden, Roger Williams, Captain Benjamin Church, General Washington, General Lafayette, and Oliver Hazard Perry, all of whom were during their lives connected with the history of Warren.

The episodes will present scenes from the Indian, Revolutionary, and maritime history of the town. Some of the most picturesque will depict the visit of the Pilgrims to Sowams to procure seed corn of Massasoit, the destruction of Sowams during King Philip's War. The first commencement of Rhode Island College (now Brown University) in 1769, the raid of Warren by British and Hessian troops in 1768, and the launching of the U. S. frigate General Greene, the vessel on which Oliver Hazard Perry made his first cruise as a midshipman.

The Warren Pageant will celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church and of Rhode Island College, and, also, the transfer of the town from Massachusetts to Rhode Island. It will be under the direction of Miss Margaret McLaren Eager, who has conducted numerous similar entertainments, among them being the recent very successful Pageant at Ulica, N. Y.

**The Plight of the Moose.**

(New York Times.)

In the freedom of the forest no bull moose ever had to stand up for three hours and take a talking to from a chattering chipmunk. Furthermore, no chipmunk ever had the staggering audacity to send his friends to a moose conference with instructions to bag the entire outfit and bring them back tamed and obedient to the chipmunk will. Discarding the faunal simile, this is precisely what is happening in Bull Moose circles. William Sulzer went to Oyster Bay and laid down the law to Col. Roosevelt. The thing is incredible, it is impossible, but it happened. The Colonel had to listen to a demonstration that Sulzer was the only possible candidate for the Progressives. The thirteenth heart that ever beat in a human bosom must be moved to pity when the Progressive chieftain is brought to this low estate, and is so put to it that he feels it necessary to lend ear for three hours to William Sulzer—"the same old bull."

The Democrats in 1872 were in a desperate plight. They had to take Horace Greeley as their candidate because the Liberal Republicans, most of whose leaders wanted Charles Francis Adams, had been cajoled into the nomination of Greeley. The dose was all jalap. The party was in gastric convulsions throughout the campaign. But that was ease and comfort compared with the throes which would result should the Progressive body if Sulzer should accomplish his malign end. For ourselves we sincerely hope he will accomplish it—it would be such fun, and in these grim times a little relaxation is needed.

The Colonel's luck is frightful. The Progressive vote has been approaching the disappearing point, the Colonel sees that his party is going to pieces. He was a wise politician when he turned to Hinman for salvation. But Hinman wouldn't have him, and his party wouldn't have Hinman. Now they are desperately casting about for a candidate, and they feel, the primary law to the contrary notwithstanding, that they must designate some eligible person for fear that the unconvinced voters left to their own emotions may nominate Sulzer. It is a perfectly sickening situation.

**A Blow at New England.**

Leslie's Weekly says: Six hundred thousand! That is the number of men and women in New England interested directly in the affairs of the New Haven, the railroad singled out for persecution under guise of prosecution.

"Taking 36 cities and towns in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the official figures show that there was expended by the New Haven during nine years ended June 30, 1912, a total of \$1,424,455.61 for salaries and wages in these communities."

"In this list there are 14 towns and cities in Connecticut that have received \$75,067.124; 18 in Massachusetts with \$14,056,633, and four in Rhode Island with \$22,331,357. There can be no dispute as to just what the above figures mean to New England and her prosperity. The New Haven is undoubtedly the largest employer of labor in the northeastern section of the country, and it pays more for labor than any other enterprise."

Newport is one of the towns in Rhode Island that has been badly hurt by the prosecution of a New England railroad.

**A Little Premature.**

The Hamburger Nachrichten, Bismarck's old paper, editorially declares: "We have taken the field against Russia and France, but at the bottom it is England we are fighting everywhere. It is from England we must bring the uttermost price for this gigantic struggle, however dearly the others may have to pay for the help they have given her." It would be well to capture England before leaving tribute.

The censors are generous to Richard Harding Davis. They let him send as many chapters of his autobiography as he pleases.

Perhaps it was merely French courtesy in that proclamation to talk more about the allies than about the French Army and Navy.

The Holland hotels seem to be charging the tourists the same kind of rates convention delegates have to pay in some cities in the United States.

**In a Dilemma.**

Southern free traders with a bumper cotton crop on their hands are frantic over conditions confronting them. They never cared anything for the home market. They said all we have to do is to export our cotton for which the world craves. They always opposed encouragement of American shipping. Recently a majority in voting for the repeal of the free trade further discouraged American shipping.

They have recently, through the Underwood tariff law, closed many cotton mills in the North or reduced the hours and wages of the employees and discouraged the building of other mills. Now they find themselves confronted with a great foreign war. There is no adequate means to carry their cotton to Europe.

They have succeeded in destroying the purchase power of the American people and therefore stand to lose multiplied millions on their 1914 cotton crop. And yet, these are the men who stand at the head as well as furnish the majority of members for the great legislative committees of the House and Senate.

The South will have an object lesson which may teach it that the busy mills of New England are better than the unreachably market "beyond the seas," of which the majority spoke so encouragingly in reporting the Underwood tariff bill.

**For Lasting Peace.**

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of National City Bank says: "We all want—no all pray for peace. But we must demand that peace be restored on a basis and on terms that will preclude possibility of a recurrence of this horror. There must never be another such world calamity. With peace must come an assurance of a continuation of peace. Simply to stop hostilities means little at this stage of affairs. Even if more blood is shed; even if further cruelties are perpetrated, this frightful thing must go on until peace can be restored on the grounds I have mentioned."

**Washington Correspondence.**

Washington, September 10—Now that the Democratic primaries in the South are over, the Democratic Congressmen are beginning to look forward to fall elections. They are finding little consolation. There are large chunks of gloom these days in the Democratic cloak room of the House of Representatives, where Democrats sit around and tell one another the "truth about the situation back home."

The autocratic domination of President Wilson in forcing through legislation he thought the country wanted, but which has proven highly unpopular with the people, has added to Democratic discouragement. The Underwood tariff has torn up business generally. The blow at American interests through the canal tolls legislation is another unpopular act. The proposal to apologize to Colombia and pay her \$25,000,000 has not set well with the American people generally. The breaking of platform pledges by the disruption of the merit system by providing \$4,000,000 to reward Democratic henchmen for political work is another thing that has set the people back home thinking.

The result of all this is heavy dissatisfaction among the Democratic ranks. Coupled with this is the terrific Bull Moose slump the country over. There has not been a primary, a bye-election, or a registration that has not shown that the Bull Moose party has gone all to pieces. For instance, Ohio, which gave the head of the Progressive Party ticket 228,229 votes two years ago, gave Garfield, the Progressive candidate for Governor, only 8,167 in the primaries the other day. This is less than one twenty-sixth of the vote cast two years ago.

The Democrats know very well the Progressives are going back to the Republican Party. They also know disgruntled Democrats are going to vote where their votes will have the greatest force. That means they will vote the Republican ticket. So it is these facts that have thrown such a scare into the Democrats. It is "a condition, not a theory" that confronts them.

The people generally know by the feel of things there is trouble ahead for the Democratic Party. Democratic Congressmen themselves have this "hunch," but what makes it worse is that they are now hearing from their constituents who are writing letters in no uncertain terms. To make it still worse, the Democrats in Congress have been doing a little figuring on what actually happened two years ago. They know many Democrats were elected to Congress wholly through Republicans who voted with the Bull Moose and also that many other Democrats were elected by dissatisfied Republicans who voted the straight Democratic ticket to make their protest more effective. But this year the shoe is on the other foot. Hence the gloom.

For instance, the present House of Representatives is made up of 435 members. Of these, 289 are Democrats; 129 are Republicans; 15 are Progressives; 1 is an "Independent" Mr. Kent of California. There is also Mr. Kindel of Colorado, who formally left the Democratic Party, a short time ago, and one vacancy, Mr. McDermott, of Illinois, the Democrat whose resignation was the net result of the Democratic lobby investigation. If the Democratic Party loses 72 members in the fall elections, it will be ousted from power in the House of Representatives. The Republican and Progressive Party vote combined, two years ago, was greater than that of Democratic Congressmen elected in 79 districts. In fourteen congressional districts, Democratic Congressmen were elected by majorities of less than a thousand votes.

It is these facts, together with the big swing of Progressives back to the Republican ranks and the widespread dissatisfaction over legislation enacted by the Democratic Congress, that is causing the gloom that pervades the Democratic cloakroom. J. W. C.

A Hosiery who went away with the Bull Moose two years ago and who is now back in the Republican ranks, says in a letter to State Chairman Hays, of Indiana, "I assure you I have voted my last Progressive ticket. I got off at the first landing."

**K I SEPT. 8. 9. 10. 11 F**

**WED., SEPT. 9, SEE THE BIG EXHIBITS.**

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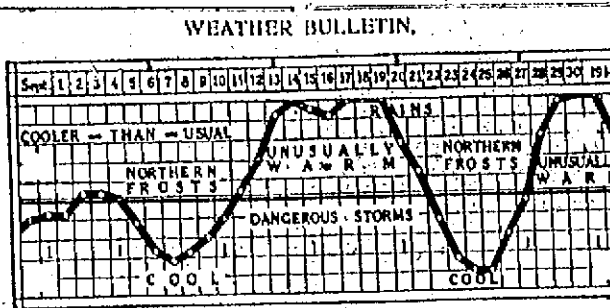
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This month will average cooler than usual east of Rockies and warmer than usual west of Rockies. Frosts will go further south than usual not far from September 7. Near 24th killing frosts, are expected along latitude 40 deg., east of Rockies. General great fall in temperature near September 18 to 25. Unusually warm 12 to 20 and near 30. Severe storms 16 to 20. Heaviest rains 18 to 23.

Rains of this month will be greater than usual in all eastern sections of the continent, decreasing westward to Rockies. Many places west of meridian 90 deg. will be too dry for winter wheat sowing first of September, but an abundance of rain for that purpose is expected during October.

September rains will do some damage to northeastern spring wheat harvest and threshing, but will benefit the cotton in southeastern sections. Top cotton growth in September promises good. September grass will be good in northeastern sections.

Storm waves are expected to cross the continent, moving eastward and reaching meridian 90 deg. near August 31, September 4, 10, 15, 20 and October 2. Most rain as the cool waves come in; not much rain as the warm waves approach.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Sept. 10, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 13 to 17, warm wave 12 to 16, cool wave 15 to 19. This will cause a great rise in temperatures, inaugurate a nine day period of strenuous weather including heat, drought, dangerous storms, floods and, in countries subject to them, earthquakes and volcanic activities. If we could be heard so far away we would send warnings to Hawaii, Liberia, Iceland, Norway, Sweden and eastern Australia.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 17, cross Pacific slope by coast of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern sections 22. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern sections 21. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 24.

This will be the king of September storms and our readers are warned to take no chances with it. Its greatest forces will probably not be developed on this continent but it is advisable to be ready for whatever may come both on this continent and to the southward where hurricanes are sometimes dangerous. Should a hurricane occur it will probably organize near latitude 15 and longitude 45 west.

The U. S. Weather Bureau will probably get reports from it by Sept. 21 to 23, and it may reach the Windward Islands in the Caribbean sea by Sept. 22. Those hurricanes are slow travelers as compared with our continental storms, the latter moving about 500 miles a day and the hurricane about 300. That hurricane may begin to interest our Cuban neighbors by Sept. 24 and from that time on for 8 to 10 days the U. S. Weather Bureau will take care of it.

Not far from Sept. 20 heavy rains are expected on most of the inhabited parts of this continent and floods will probably result in some parts, more particularly in southern and eastern sections. Then will come the first cold wave of the Fall months. Its effects will be felt from Sept. 20 to 25, and killing frosts are expected further south than usual near Sept. 22 to 25.

This stormy condition will not continue beyond Sept. 25. About that time the cropweather conditions will change to prevailing cropweather conditions of October but no radical change will occur. This will be described in next bulletin.

The Hessian fly will probably be troublesome next year. That scourge gets a lodgement in the Fall months in the early new sown wheat and the best remedy known is to sow the wheat very late. This year we have recommended the first week in October for sowing winter wheat in the northern and border states and proportionally later in the southern states. One field sown early in a neighborhood will endanger all others near by.

The greatest drawback to the advancement in weather knowledge, particularly to foreknowledge of weather events, is the conservative scientists in government employ. They have good, easy positions which they fear they will lose if someone finds a better way. One of their common complaints against independent investigators is that the latter refused to give away their methods. Like the notorious dog in the manger they will not try because their boss is easy and they want no change and they discourage the efforts of others fearing the results.

**CORONATION OF BENEDICT XV**

**European War Causes Curtailment of Usual Pomp**

**SIXTY CARDINALS PARTICIPATE**

High Dignitaries of Papal Court, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Oriental Bishops and Roman Aristocracy Present at Ceremony—Pontiff Receives Three American Cardinals

The coronation of Pope Benedict XV. took place in the Sistine chapel at Rome. The ceremony was hushed in its solemnity. The Sistine chapel was used for the occasion in order to avoid pomp during the war that is in progress. The entire pontifical court, members of the Roman aristocracy and the family of the pontiff were present.



© 1914, by American Press Association. POPE BENEDICT XV.

The scene with Pope Benedict seated in the sedia gestatoria chair, preceded by the bearers of the triple crown and flanked by the bearers of the celebrated feather fans and sixty cardinals in their full vestments, was a striking one.

The entire armed corps of the holy see saluted the passage of the procession, which was formed in the pope's apartments, and then proceeded to the Pauline chapel, where the adoration of the holy sacrament was celebrated. In the procession were high dignitaries of the papal court, patriarchs, archbishops and oriental bishops.

From the Pauline chapel the procession moved to the Sistine chapel, where a mass was said. After the indulgentia the sub-deacon placed the mappin on the arm of the pope, who sat down while the cardinals of the diocese of Rome recited the coronation prayer.

The pope then mounted the altar and a cardinal placed the pallium on his shoulders. At this moment Benedict XV. received the last adoration of the cardinals, bishops and abbots. Then he read the Introit, intoned the Gloria and resumed his seat on the throne.

Later in the day Pope Benedict received successively in private audience Cardinals Gibbons, Parley and O'Connell, who presented their suites and some American friends to the pontiff.

**GATES FOR GOVERNOR**

Nominated by Vermont Republicans on the Second Ballot

Charles W. Gates was nominated for governor by Vermont Republicans at the state convention. Gates won on the second ballot, when he obtained six more than a majority of the votes.

The remainder of the ticket nominated was as follows: Lieutenant governor, Hale K. Darling; secretary of state, Guy W. Bailey; auditor of accounts, H. F. Graham; treasurer, Walter Scott; attorney general, Herbert G. Barker; United States senator, William P. Dillingham.

The convention adopted a platform which endorsed the Republican policy of tariff legislation and favored direct primaries, the extension of state highways and woman's suffrage.

**FORTUNES FOR FARMERS**

Five Leading Crops This Year Valued at More Than \$4,000,000,000

This is the golden year for the American farmer. His five leading crops for 1914 were worth \$4,511,000,000 on Sept. 1, leading Chicago grain men estimate, using the government's crop report as a basis.

This is \$682,000,000 more than the farmer received last year for the same five crops—wheat, corn, oats, barley and hay—and forecasts the richest returns to the soil tillers in the history of the United States.

Eventually, the grain man points out, this more than \$4,000,000,000 "farm prosperity" must trickle through until general business conditions reflect the increase in crop values.

Deaths.

In this city, 7th inst., at her residence, 30 Main avenue, Catherine, widow of John M. Buckley.

In this city, 7th inst., Lydia B., daughter of Alvin A. and the late Augusta N. Barker, in her 83th year.

In this city, 8th inst., Caroline Lay Dyer, wife of Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce.

In this city, Sept. 9, infant son of Colonel and Mrs. H. A. Peckham.

In Tiverton, 6th inst., Laura, wife of Benjamin Cushman, in her 57th year.

"Is dem you all's chickens?" "Chose dey's my all's chickens, who's chickens did you 'pose dey was?" "I wasn't s'posed nuffin' about 'em. But I will say that it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won't come a runnin' an' a waggin, its tail when its regular owner whistles, same as a dog."—Washington Star.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote. Then he yawned and muttered to himself: "At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

**HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS**

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for them selves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

**A. O'D. TAYLOR,**

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

112 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1881. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

**ASK ANY HORSE**

**Eureka Harness Oil**

**Mica Axle Grease**

**Sold by dealers everywhere**

**Standard Oil Co. of New York**



# GERMANS NOT GIVEN TIME FOR A HALT

## Driven Back Thirty-Seven Miles Since Great Battle Begun

### BRITISH MAIN FORCE CROSSES THE MARNE

Invaders Fail to Dislodge French Gunners—Kaiser's Troops Steadily Forced Over Ground They Had Won After Desperate Battling—Retreat of Right Wing Approaching Perilously Near Centre—French Slowly Throwing Troops Forward Toward Aisne—What May Prove to Be Decisive Battle Is Still Raging—Belgians Assume Offensive and Drive Germans Back to Louvain

Further out of range of the great guns of Paris retreated the German right wing. No time to halt and gather breath was given the exhausted enemy. The Germans are now twelve miles behind their positions of Wednesday, thirty-seven miles in the rear of the places that they held when the great battle that is still raging was begun. The British main force had no trouble in crossing the Marne, an indication that the German right was either too weakened for effective resistance or that the lines of communication were so demoralized by the retreat that it was impossible for the army to halt. It is probable that both reasons may have had something to do with the speed of the Kaiser's columns.

In the centre of the great battle lines, the violent and persistent charges of the enemy were unable to dislodge the French gunners from the heights where they had so placed their artillery that the charges seemed almost suicidal.

Prussian Guard Repulsed It is here that the Germans have massed their greatest strength, summoning to their aid thousands of troops from the severely harassed right wing, the cavalry of which enjoyed a fleeting but irritating glimpse of the suburbs of Paris.

The famous Prussian Guard, eager to retrieve the laurels lost by the invaders during the past four days, charged brilliantly, but even this force, the flower of the German army, was unable to pierce the French lines. The only place where the Germans made any gains were on the road leading to Nancy, where the Kaiser is personally supervising his troops. This advantage was neutralized by a corresponding French advance into the forest of Champagne.

French Again in Alsace Further south, the withdrawal of German and Austrian troops to try to hold back the great Russian tidal wave resulted in a movement of the French into Alsatian territory, from which they were dislodged early in the war. It now seems probable that Mulhausen may again be the theatre, the third time within little more than a month.

The fighting Thursday between the French and British on the left wing of the allies against the much depleted ranks of the enemy was not so intensely bitter as it has been in the last few days. The French were able to move ahead without much opposition, and the British, although the Germans turned again and again in their retreat, drove on more rapidly even than they retreated last week.

Nowhere is the feeling among the allies so cheerful as on this left wing. The troops, although realizing that they had been beaten back by superior numbers, never relished the constant necessity of holding positions only long enough to protect a further retreat. Now that they have the Germans in the same position they can hardly be restrained by their officers. Fatigue seems to have been banished and the men are eager to charge all day long.

Gain of Twelve Miles Thursday the British dashed ahead after the retreating Germans until they had gained twelve miles over Wednesday's battleground. Places that figured in the news of last week are beginning to come back into the dispatches as the Germans are forced back over the ground that they had won after such desperate battling. The British reached La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, Châlons and Chateau-Thierry.

The invaders, in this part of the great battleground, appear to be making almost frantic efforts to reach Rheims and Epervier. The German centre is also, but much more slowly, moving toward Rheims, so that it seems possible that the contraction of the lines may result in a massing of hundreds of thousands of soldiers at Rheims. Here the Germans will hold a far better position for battling, although the advantage in higher ground will hardly compensate for the demoralization that appears to be creeping insistently into the German right wing.

Germans Sacrifice Thousands The battle raged about Vitry-le-François Thursday, in the centre of the battleground, almost without any appreciable change in the situation. In this it must be regarded as a French success, as the Germans have sacrificed thousands of men in trying to drive the French from the commanding heights. The retreat of the German right wing is now approaching perilously near the centre, and it is contending the invading forces about Vitry must fall back to Rheims to protect their flank from attack. The Germans were able to hold

## MINISTER VON JAGOW.

Split With Kaiser Is Said to Have Given Rise To Resignation Rumors.



their positions in the heavily wooded Argonne forest. From Vitry to Chateau-Thierry the fighting was almost continuous along a battle line of nearly fifty miles. The heaviest charges, however, were witnessed between Vitry and Nancy, an extent of less than twenty miles. Here, it is believed, the Prussian Guard made their charges. But the thunderous assault which has been so spectacular a feature of German maneuvers during times of peace did not prove so effective against French guns.

French Lines Broken Driving ahead out of Chateau Salina, in German Lorraine, the forces that have hitherto been unable to make headway, even under the eye of the Kaiser, succeeded in breaking through the French lines and came nearer to the unfortified city of Nancy, where the French resistance has been surprisingly sturdy. An official report, however, stated that the Germans had evacuated Lunville Sept. 8. It is possible that the movement of Thursday succeeded in recapturing the town, which is fifteen miles away from Nancy.

A few miles further south, however, the French retaliated by gaining practically the same advantage in the forest of Champagne, so that the German movement in this district is still believed to be checked.

The French official statement concludes with the remark that the situation in the Vosges and Alsace remains unchanged, but from unofficial sources that are believed to be credible, it is inferred that the French are slowly throwing forward a considerable force of troops.

Invaders' Forces Withdrawn The Austrian and German forces held opposite the great French forts from Epinal to Belfort are thought to have been sent in great numbers to aid the Austrians and Germans in the east. Only garrisons, left to hold a French advance, are supposed to be in the German fortified places near the frontier. A French offensive against Alsace is not expected until the battle is fully decided in France, but it is probable that small bodies will be sent forward in order to revive the drooping spirits of the Alsatians, who sympathize with the French.

Reports are current that the Germans have been sending men by thousands to the front from all of their western armies, but the official statements do not bear out the inference except in the region of Alsace and the Vosges.

The German right wing has been weakened, but merely, it appears, to strengthen the centre. From the north of France, overrun with German a week ago, and from Belgium, many thousands of troops are reported to have been sent to Rheims and Châlons-sur-Marne and thence to the front near Vitry.

Fighting in Belgium The weakening of the forces of the invaders in Belgium has again caused renewed fighting there. The little army cooped up in Antwerp has been winning back much of its lost territory. Aerschot was occupied, the small German garrison having been driven out.

It is said that the Antwerp forces struck heavily and suddenly at the invaders camped not far from the city and drove them back to ruined Louvain. Further toward the south a Belgian retreat at Cordesheim is officially made known at Berlin.

ALLIES SIGN COMPACT All Three Nations Must Consent Before Peace Can Be Made "All for one; one for all" is the gist of the latest pact between members of the triple entente. By this new pledge, signed at London by representatives of the British, French and Russian governments, they agree that peace shall not be concluded separately during the present war by any one of the allies and that no one of the allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of the others.

As a result of this agreement there will be no rest for the Kaiser even in event of the capture of Paris and the defeat of the allied armies in France. He cannot treat for peace with them as long as the czar's forces still menace from the north.

## BREAK WITH THE KAISER

His Chief Statesmen Blamed For Rup-ture of Diplomacy The Berlin correspondent of the Rome newspaper Messaggero wires that the Kaiser has broken with im-

perial Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg and Minister of Foreign Affairs Von Jagow.

The correspondent says the Kaiser blames them for England's participation in the war, which came as a complete surprise to him, and also for Italy's failure to live up to her treaty obligations. The Kaiser is declared to have told them that when it was most needed German diplomacy had failed the German people. The correspondent adds that both statesmen have tendered their resignations.

## BRITISH CRUISER SUNK

Second to Be Blown Up by Mine in the North Sea

The light cruiser Pathfinder, of the British navy, has been blown up by a mine in the North sea. The loss of life is not definitely known. Paymaster Finch was killed and Commander Leake was wounded. Six junior officers and two petty officers are missing.

The Pathfinder is the second British cruiser to be blown up by mines in the North sea. She was of 2940 tons and carried a complement of 268 men. She was commissioned at Portsmouth in October, 1913, and was attached to the English fleet.

## PEACE PRAYER DAY

President Wilson Designates Oct. 4 as Day of Supplication

Washington, Sept. 8.—President Wilson designated Sunday, Oct. 4, as the day of prayer in the United States for peace in Europe.

The proclamation requests all God-fearing persons "to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God that, overruling the counsel of the men, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in His mercy and goodness showing the way where men can see none, He graciously His children bring peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit of toil or thought in the world; praying also to this end that He forgive us our sins, our ignorance of His will, our willfulness and many errors and lead in the paths of obedience to places of vision and to thoughts and counsels that purge and make wise."

## A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

The German governor has ordered the people of Liege to remain indoors; and this is construed as indicating that a general movement of German troops toward the frontier from France and Belgium has begun.

Servian invasion of Austria by three armies under command of the crown prince has begun. Louvain reports that priceless works of art were destroyed by the Germans there, namely "The Descent from the Cross," "The Last Supper" and the fifteenth century screen entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus."

The British cruiser Glory arrived at Halifax with the Spanish steamer Montserrat, on which were 160 men said to be Austrian and German reservists, in tow. The Montserrat sailed from New York Sept. 6 for Barcelona, Cadix and Genoa.

Bordeaux, the temporary capital of France, is filled with refugees from the north, whose care is seriously troubling the government. The department of the interior, which is in general charge of all relief work, is so congested that there is much suffering among the refugees and little chance of speedy relief. The influx continues.

Crowded with 1670 refugees from the European war zone, the Cunard liner Laconia docked in Boston. She was the most completely disguised steamship that has reached Boston since the war began.

The upper half of the liner was painted gray and at a short distance she looked like a United States warship.

The danger of serious reprisals at the hands of the German army as the result of the killing of one officer and the wounding of another by a machine gun contingent at Ghent after the burgomaster had arranged to prevent the occupation of the town in force has been averted.

The heart of imperial Britain bounded when the colonial office proclaimed in the house of commons India's whole-souled co-operation in the war.

In a stirring speech to the assembly of the Union of South Africa at Cape Town, Premier Botha promised the whole-hearted support of the union to the imperial government in the present war and declared that the racial hatchet had been buried.

## PRAYERS FOR PEACE

Urged in the First Official Utterance of Pope Benedict

Pope Benedict XV. issued an encyclical on the war which is his first official utterance since his election. The encyclical appeals to all Roman Catholics to join with him in sorrow for the war and in his prayers for the cessation of the scourge of God's anger at the sad spectacle.

The pope exhorts the various governments to set an example of moderation and to strive for the return of peace. The pope says, in conclusion, that this first utterance of his since mounting the papal throne is a repetition of the wish of his predecessor, Pope Pius X.

## Site of Rat Kills Baby

The 2-day-old baby boy of Mrs. Frank Silver of Lynn, Mass., died as the result of being bitten on the head by a rat. Mother and baby were in bed when the rat attacked them. Mrs. Silver is in a serious condition.

## AUSTRIA LOOKS TOWARD PEACE

Has Already Lost a Fourth of Effective Strength of Army

## INTERNAL SITUATION GRAVE

All Efforts to Float War Loan Have Failed—Disposition to Blame Germans For Delay in Giving Aid—Russian Capture of Breslau Imminent—Archduke Leads Troops

The Russian foreign office at Petrograd is quoted as professing to expect that Austria will sue for peace independently of Germany within the next ten days. If she does not, the Russian foreign office is said to believe, a revolution is certain. Austria is bankrupt and all efforts to float a war loan have failed.

All Austria was plunged into gloom when official admission was made at Vienna that the recent operations against the Russians have cost the dual empire one-fourth of her first line of effective fighting men. Simultaneously it became known for the first time that the operations in Galicia and Russian Poland have begun under the personal direction of Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

The announcement at the Austrian war office stated that since the operations against Russia began the total losses in killed, wounded and missing of the Austrian first line army totals the enormous number of 120,000 men. In addition, by reason of the attack by an overwhelming number of Russians who have outnumbered the Austrians at all times, large quantities of military stores, ammunition and cannon have been lost.

The economic situation is admittedly very grave. All efforts on the part of the government to float a war loan have failed and this is causing as much worry as the reverse on the front.

There is a disposition to blame the Germans for having failed to come to the assistance of the Austrians before the invasion was begun by Russia. Urgent appeals were sent to Berlin asking that troops be sent to Lombardy so that the city could be defended. It was not a fortified position, and when the German help failed to arrive there was nothing for the general staff to do but to order the troops to retreat from the city in order to prevent its being destroyed by a general bombardment.

Dispatches from Vienna state that the advance guards of the Russian centre are marching toward Berlin. The Russian troops have invaded Silesia and the capture of Breslau is imminent.

A dispatch from Rome says the Germans are marching south toward Poland to assist the Austrians, but before this aid can be given they must cross the Vistula river, where the Russians are preparing to check them.

Fighting with the Austrian armies of Generals von Auffenberg and Dankl has again been resumed. Following their decisive defeat at Iwawa Russia, they have been heavily re-enforced by German troops and they are now fighting along a line west of Rawa Russia extending southwest through Madowa to a point near the Danister river.

The brunt of the fighting is reported at Petrograd to have been borne by the Fourteenth Austrian army corps, which was brought from Alsace to re-enforce the main Austrian army. The official reports from General Ruzsky say this corps lost heavily in Wednesday's fighting and that one of its battle standards, two cannon and 600 prisoners were taken.

According to the chiefs at the Russian war office the Austrians have lost fully one-quarter of their effective strength in the fighting which resulted in their being driven from Russian Poland. The plan to round them up and capture or annihilate them failed through the arrival of strong German re-enforcements from the western theatre of fighting, supported by a large number of rapid-firers and field artillery.

It is stated, however, that the Austrians are constantly retreating and that additional Russian re-enforcements are being sent to Ruzsky to enable him to continue his offensive. The army of General Brusiloff, which is moving westward from Lemberg, is co-operating with that of Ruzsky, according to the latest information obtainable from the war office.

A dispatch from Ruzsky declares he has captured 12,000 Austrians with thirty-one guns and 150 officers, including the general commanding the Austrian Fifteenth division, in the fighting at Rawa Russia. Troops captured were a part of the Sixth army corps.

The Russian investment of Premysl continues. The Russians are shelling the fortified Austrian position from the eastward, but up to the present no attempt has been made to take the Austrian position by storm, and the bombardment will continue until re-enforcements now en route reach the scene.

Mother and Daughters Killed Mrs. Garfield Wilson and her three young daughters were crushed to death and a man badly injured when a train struck a trolley car at an unguarded crossing at Bridgeport, Conn.

President Wilson announced he would not make a speaking tour during the coming campaign. He declared his intention of "staying on the job," because of the "unlocked for international situation."

The Boston chamber of commerce has been notified that up to Sept. 20 five liners will sail from Calcutta for Boston.

## NEWPORT BEACH.

### Dancing Every Afternoon & Evening

FORDON AND SIMS IN EXHIBITION  
DANCES AT BOTH SESSIONS.

Admission Afternoons 10c.  
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From noon to 8.30

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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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We have the **ELECTRIC** kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

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## Notice Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

## STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

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WON ON HIS BLUFF

How an American Consul Brought a Dictator to Terms.

A THREAT AND A SURPRISE.

The Venezuelan Dictator to Whom Uncle Sam's Official Had Issued a Comte Opera Ultimatum First Got on His High Horse and Then Stepped Down.

A great many years ago Phil Hanna was consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, when a little revolution broke out. A military instinct in command of the town announced himself dictator and, needing money to carry on his activities, seized a bunch of American, English and German residents in the place and locked them in the town jail. They were informed that they would be released when they had made certain cash contributions to the revolutionary war chest.

Hanna was notified of the situation, and, looking up the consulate and learning an extra sized American flag flying, he marched up to the headquarters of the dictator.

"Mr. Dictator," said Hanna, "I note that you have locked up a number of Americans. Permit me to introduce myself as the American consul."

The dictator asked what interest that fact had for him.

"It signifies that I am here in the name of my government to demand that these Americans be released instantly," replied Hanna.

"Can't do a thing for you," replied the general. "They've been told that when they cough up they'll be turned loose."

"They'll be turned loose without coughing and without delay," retorted Hanna. "I desire, in the name of my government, to say that if the Americans and all the European citizens whom you have locked up are not released by 5 o'clock this afternoon I shall proceed to shell the town."

"To shell—what'll you shell it with?" queried the dictator. "Why, you haven't an American ship within a thousand miles, and you know it."

"What I sell," replied Hanna, "with frozen faced dignity, 'was that if those people are not released by 5 o'clock I'll shell the town.' And he marched out again."

Hanna knew perfectly well that there wasn't an American ship nearer than New Orleans, and he knew the dictator knew it. But he had something up his sleeve. He went back to his office and waited patiently, meanwhile sending a clerk down to the water front to watch things.

The day wore on to mid-afternoon. Hanna was getting nervous. He must make good somehow. At last his messenger returned.

"Two British cruisers are coming into the harbor, sir," he reported.

"I knew they were due today," replied Hanna. "Now, you get word to the commander about what we've done here and tell him it's very important for him to come and see me."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon three very impressive officers in the uniform of the British navy came ashore and marched straight to the American consulate.

Hanna slouched out of his chair, shook hands all round and explained his scrape. The naval man wanted to know how he could best serve the necessities of the moment.

"Just go back on shipboard and begin clearing those vessels for action in the most ostentatious way you can," replied Hanna. "I'll do the rest."

As soon as the necessary time had elapsed to assure that these facts would have duly impressed themselves on his dictatorship Hanna started for the palace again. He didn't have to wait for admittance.

"Have the American and European prisoners been released?" he asked.

"They have not yet," replied the dictator. "Then permit me to say that at 5 o'clock sharp, as I mentioned this morning, I begin shelling this town."

"Where's your American ships?" queried the dictator.

"The two British cruisers that have entered the harbor today are under my orders," replied the American consul, "and will blow you and your town of this coast before morning if you don't perform. Do you get it?"

The dictator didn't know whether it was bluff or not, but at 5:59 o'clock the prisoners were turned loose.

Hanna got a promotion for the job.—New York Sun.

Overworked.

He had carried a case nine miles around a billiard table and pushed a lawn mower over across his 80 by 20 lawn.

Then he collapsed.

"Overwork," said the sympathetic factor and put him to bed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where the Soft Spot Was.

Glady-Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me. Maribel—How do you know he has? Glady—he says he is always thinking of me. Maribel—Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head.—Judge.

Not Satisfactory.

Betty Van Rocks—Did you have a satisfactory interview with papa? Jack Enkelbach—No, very; he said all he would give was his consent.—Boston Transcript.

The greatest man to be who chooses right with the most fortunate resolution.—Seneca.

Clinched It.

Es—They say, dear, that people who are together get in time, to look extra alike. She—Then you may consider my refusal final.—London Opinion.

Henpecked.

Willie—Pa, what is a henpecked husband? Pa—A man whose nerve is in his wife's pants, and who—Cleveland Enquirer.

SAVED HIS WILD GOATS.

Emperor Maximilian Was Lucky In Having a Wise Adviser.

Of the great Emperor Maximilian it is told that once when traveling far from home he wore an expression that a courtier asked him what affairs of state could cause so much concern. The emperor replied it was not the state but his he was thinking of. In his absence he feared a certain poacher, whom he mentioned by name, would make havoc with the herds. Could the courtier propose any prevention?

The astute person thus addressed immediately suggested a letter to the poacher's wife, signed and sealed by the imperial hand and offering her the best silk dress that could be obtained if the emperor's wild goats were not touched during his absence. And such, alas, is the influence of the sex that history hints the bribe was more effective than all the king's horses and all the king's men in the way of forest rangers and wood rangers.

Maximilian had a preserve of these animals in the Tyrol near the Austrian coast and has left on record some interesting notes and illustrations of the sport he enjoyed among them. One picture represents him in a boat on a lake, aiming to catch an ibex in a large net, which may have been good luck, even if it were merely sportiveness. It was Maximilian, too, who boasted that on one occasion he killed an ibex at 200 yards with a crossbow when his companion had missed it with a gun. Being that the "Tiro Tyro" of the period wore about the shabbiest and most antiquated weapons any one could imagine, the feat was scarcely to be wondered at.—London Globe.

END OF THE EARTH.

That Great Tragedy May Be 200,000 Years Away.

Scientists tell us that life on the earth began about 2,000,000 years ago. It has generally been accepted that life will last for 200,000,000 years.

Twenty-two million years is a fairly long time. None of us who are alive today need worry about what will take place 20,000,000 years hence. Even the most skeptical can scarcely be inspired by here for an inconceivably remote possibility.

But the French savants are altogether disturbing. Here comes one, M. Verneux, who says that the earth will permanently freeze within the next 200,000 years and that life will vanish. This is bringing the tragedy nearer home. We would gladly accept the oldest reckoning.

Verneux places mankind of today about midway between the beginning and the end. He computes that in the future the will exist as long as it has already existed. He specifies only one-fourth as long a life as those who have existed in the past.

There is only one consolation to be derived from the Verneux reckoning. As far as the influence of today is concerned 200,000 years is as good as 20,000,000. In other words those who are comfortably laboring today cannot expect to be lovingly remembered when the extinction of life makes the earth a barren wilderness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Eye to the Future.

The late Wilson Barrett possessed a valuable old dresser who had the good fortune to be built on the same classic lines as Barrett himself, and accordingly inherited his master's cast of clothes. One day something had upset Barrett at breakfast, and he lost his temper. Every one stampeded out of his way. He strode into his dressing room with flashing eyes, and to indignation did he feel that he had been thrust into the corner of the apartment. The faithful dresser, who knew every mood of his master, was quite unperturbed. He merely exclaimed, in bland tones, but with a touch of reproach: "Be calm, my dear; I've got to wear that some day!"

Francis Bacon.

The death of Francis Bacon was caused by his devotion to the cause of research and scientific investigation. During one of his excursions to the country he conceived the idea that animal substances may be preserved by means of snow. He procured a fowl and conducted the experiment himself. A severe cold was the result, and in his already enfeebled condition he was not able to withstand it and died of what we now know as bronchitis April 8, 1626, aged sixty-five, at the house of Lord Arundel. He was buried in St. Michael's church, St. Albans.

Intoxicated.

"Is dear you all's chickens?"

"Oohs, dear, my all's chickens."

Whose chickens did you spose they was?"

"I guess 'spect' 'em about ten."

But I will say dat it's mighty body dat a chicken won't come a-scratchin' at a waggler's tail when its regular owner whistles, stave as a dog.—Washington Star.

Settlement Work.

"Did you hear about McGinnis taking up settlement work?"

"Yes. He really sucks the credit for 50 cents on the dollar."—Town Topics.

Astronomical.

Some curious and interesting astronomical phenomena are recorded in the old Chinese annals which go back to a great antiquity. In 657 B. C. a night is mentioned without clouds and without stars. This may perhaps refer to a total eclipse of the sun, but it so the eclipse is not mentioned in the Chinese list of eclipses. In the year 131 B. C. it is stated that the sun and moon appeared of a deep red color during five days, a phenomenon which caused great terror among the people. In 74 B. C. it is stated that a star as large as the moon appeared and was followed in its motion by several stars of ordinary size. This probably refers to an unusually large bolide, or fire ball. In 53 B. C. a fall of meteoric stones is recorded.

CURE FOR OLD AGE

Easy and Pleasant and Costs but Little to Try It.

A GOOD WAY TO CHEAT DEATH.

The Prescription Is to Mix Open Air and a Hobby, Shake Well and Take as Many Hours a Day or Night as Possible.—The Cure in Real Life.

Old age can be cured. The prescription is a simple one. Mix open air and a hobby, shake well and take as many hours a day as possible. No one begins to age until he is bored, and the first gray hair comes when a man suddenly thinks to himself, "What's the use?" Then is the time when a hobby makes life interesting again.

There was an official on one of our great railroads who was retired at seventy. "He'll die now," said his friends kindly. But he didn't. Instead, he became interested in the wild flowers, and now he is too busy in looking for the wild rose he is trying to find a new station for the better tongue fern and tramping around in the woods and fields in all kinds of weather even to think of dying. Anyway, he would not have time until he finished his monograph on the willows of the United States.

There is a woman in Baltimore, seventy-two years old, who years ago sought to forget a great sorrow by learning the butterfly net. Her city home has become a rendezvous for entomologists all over the world and houses a famous collection. While her contemporaries are dodging their lives away in care and worry, she keeps her spirits in the sunshine and her mind in the butterfly net. Twenty-two new species of butterflies are her contribution to the Lepidoptera, and she plans to live until the last goal of an autologist is reached—the using of her single initial syllable.

An octet of men in Philadelphia, all well past their threescore years, some in business and some not, have formed a society called the "Old Men's Club." They are held every day of the year, rain or shine, to watch the ever changing bird life. In the spring each prepares migrant sheets showing the arrivals of the hundred odd migrants that pass through every place every year. There is great rivalry as to who shall secure the most warblers or identify the largest number of birds in one day. At present writing the octet of the eight holds a record of seventy-five different kinds of birds seen or heard in one day between dawn and dark—one for each year of his age and one to grow on.

A man in North Carolina by the sudden death of two of his family was left alone with but little money, no friends and the cheering dictum from his doctor that he had only a year to live. To while away the few months still left to him as well as to help out his household expenses he took up the study of edible mushrooms. In the end of a year in the open he bottled his indignant physician that he had become too much interested in his hobby to confirm his diagnosis. In ten years he has discovered, classified and tested 170 kinds of edible mushrooms and has published a book which is one of the standard authorities for mushroom eaters of the world.

Another septuagenarian attributes his long life to the stars. Confined to bed during the day, he sought the open air at night and began to study the changing constellations and the perishing planets. Then he found that with an opera glass he could detect their colors and revel in the blue light of Vega, the green glare of Sirius, the rose red of Aldebaran, the same glow of Betelgeuse and the strange shades of other glimmering sky kings. Finally he bought a small telescope. Now, at seventy, he has published a monograph on the double stars, besides a quaint little star guide that has interested thousands in his hobby.

None of the nature studies requires much money or time. A cheap illustrated guidebook, an opera glass and, if possible, some walks and talks with an expert, and you will learn almost immediately to identify a score or more of flowers, or birds, or constellations, or mushrooms, and you will have found a hobby on which you may ride away from death.

Try it, young men, lest you grow old. Try it, old men, before you grow tired. Escape into the open from these narrow indoor days and learn the way to where the wild folk dwell. In their land you will find the help of the hills and hope while as the world, and strength, and youth, and happiness. Try it.—Samuel Scoville, Jr., in *Lippincott's*.

Across the Atlantic.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is between Brazil and Guinea, where the ocean is only about 1,800 miles wide. From Newfoundland to Ireland, the narrowest breadth north of the equator, is nearly twice as far. From New York to the nearest point of France is nearly three times as far.

Scaled Orders.

Bachelor Uncle—Well, Frankie, what do you want now? Frankie—Oh, I want to be rich. Uncle—Rich? Why? Frankie—Because I want to be petted, and ma says you are an old fool, but must be petted because you are rich, but it's a great secret, and I mustn't tell.

Of Course He Does.

"Logical sequence, anyway."

"How now?"

"First a man feathers his nest; then he plumes himself."—Kansas City Journal.

Scholarship.

The scholar is more inclined to inquire than to affirm. He is more ready to ask, "What do you think?" than to say, "I know."—C. F. Thwing.

Think of ease, but work on.—George Herbert.

ESKIMO WHALE DANCE.

When Arctic Natives Feet and Pick Their Life Mates.

A very primitive custom of the natives of the Bering and arctic coasts of Siberia, a custom that has come down from generations of savage ancestors, is the annual celebration of the whale dance, when the Eskimos select their wives.

When the sun moves southward at the end of the short summer season and the ice closes up the northern seas the whales come down to open water. Then, in celebration of the season's catch, the ice dwellers assemble for the whale dance, which lasts twenty-one days.

The great dance circle is prepared, and to the center the dancers, both male and female, perform the most savage of evolutions and motions to the accompaniment of rhythmic beating of the tambours and wild chanting. The dance songs tell of the prowess of the hunters and of the history of the tribe. The movements of the women are surprisingly graceful, and they mean to show in their dance that, as daughters of a great people, they are possessed of all the qualities which women should have.

The men execute pantomimic scenes of the hunt and go through all the motions of the kill. They appear the ice bear, slay the walrus and seal and finally, with extraordinary contortions, vanquish the mighty whale.

During the last days of the feast, when the time arrives for the selection of husbands and wives, the men perform his mate dance before the women has picked out. In pantomime he promises to provide her generously with the fruit of the hunt, both food and fur. If she is pleased with him she walks out and dances her acceptance and shows how she will look after the flock. When they have danced before each other they are married after the custom of the tribe, and he leads her off to his walrus hide lodge.

During the dance they feast on whale. The skin of the baleen whale is about an inch thick and looks like rubber. The solid blubber between it and the true flesh is usually about fourteen inches thick. The black skin and the blubber the latter cut to the thickness of the furber is called muktuk and is considered a great delicacy. It is eaten raw and, although it sounds repulsive to the drilled ear, is most palatable. It has a flavor something like that of chestnuts.—Youth's Companion.

Prime Numbers.

It might appear at first that every number can be divided by some number besides itself and one; but many numbers cannot, and if they cannot they are known as prime numbers. Of all the numbers having a value of less than 1,000, there are 169 that are prime. Of these twenty-six are smaller than 100, twenty-one appear between 100 and 200, sixteen between 200 and 300, sixteen between 300 and 400, fourteen between 400 and 500, fourteen between 500 and 600, thirteen between 600 and 700, fourteen between 700 and 800, thirteen between 800 and 900, and fourteen between 900 and 1,000.

His Vacation.

A woman had a negro cleaning the yard for her. His wife had been dead for several years. So his employer seized a favorable moment and proceeded to scold him.

"John," she said, "you're a good steady man. Lots of women would be glad to have you. Why don't you get a wife?"

John looked on his wife and scratched his head reflectively.

"Well, I tell you," he replied, "you know I was married seven years, and I've got to have a rest."—Indianapolis News.

The Price of a Kid.

Conchita is full of fun, says G. Boyce Lofman in his "Quiet Days in Spain." In the leisurely pace of life there the observer has time to see and appreciate all of it.

In the market one day a small boy with a big apron and a pompous manner was offering half of a small kid to a woman for a peeta. She objected that it was very tiny, and he fairly swooned her with: "Woman! Do you want half a bull for a peeta?"

Which?

Is woman more interesting than man, or the reverse? Man varies more. He has more genius in exceptional individuals, and less of genius-like insight in the average person. He completes; woman endures. He builds externally, she at home. He fights; she preserves. Our worthless opinion is that men are more interesting than women, but that woman is more interesting than man.—Harper's Weekly.

Natural Objection.

"Why won't that rich old cornucopia let his young wife act in amateur theatricals?"

"Because the last time she took part everybody rebelled about the way she acted a merry widow part."—Baltimore American.

Getting in the Picture.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them."

"I know. They blunder accidentally into a film."—Kansas City Journal.

A Compromise.

Fond Hubby (staring down town)—What will it be, love—flowers or candy? Wife—We'll compromise, dear. You can send both.—Judge.

Nothing is possible to him who is always dreaming of his past possibilities.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

THREE TOASTS.

Three Toasts in Fitting the Boundaries of Our Country.

At a dinner party given by Americans residing in Paris some years ago there were proposed sundry toasts concerning not so much the past and present as the expected glories of the great American nation. In the general character of these toasts geographical considerations were very prominent, and the principal toast which seemed to occupy the minds of the speakers was the unprecedented bigness of our country.

"Here's to the United States," said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific ocean."

"But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject. In assigning our boundaries we must look to the present and glorious future, which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun and on the west by the setting sun."

Here the third speaker arose, a very serious gentleman from the far west. "If we are going," said this truly pathetic American, "to have the history past and present and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow countrymen who has just said, 'I give you the United States, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by principal clause and on the west by the day of judgment.'—Philadelphia Press.

WORKED HIS WEAK POINTS.

Mr. Ape Had No Memory, but Lots of Curiosity and Cowardice.

"Curiosity and cowardice," said the one logical reason, "are the chief characteristics of all monkeys and of most men. I worked in a zoo after the war. I was the keeper of the monkey house. My biggest charge was an ape the size of a twelve-year-old boy, and it was through his curiosity and cowardice that I used to manage him."

"We reached this ape in the big room every day, but when we wanted him to go back to his cage he'd climb up to the roof of the big room, and even with food you couldn't tempt him down."

"So I would go to Jack Lorer and take him gently by the arm and direct his attention in a quiet, mysterious manner to the dark passage under the steam pipes."

"Lorer and I every day tipped to the pipe. We pretended to point out to each other some horrible unknown creature in the passage, and we'd say: 'Look out! There he is! There he is!'"

"As we held each other's arms and bent over and peered into the darkness, we'd hear very soon the delicate patter of small, active feet. The ape's curiosity had got the better of him. He crouched beside us. His tail peered into the dark passage fearfully."

"Then suddenly Lorer would shout: 'Look out! He's coming out! He's coming out!' And we'd scamper away in the direction of the ape's house."

"But the ape would be ahead of us. He'd rush into his house in a perfect whirlwind of excitement and terror. Then—click! We'd snap the door to on him, and he'd look very foolish."

"Every day we fooled the ape in this way. He was long, you see, on curiosity and cowardice, but very short on memory."—Chicago Herald.

How Hadley Proposed.

The way President Arthur Twining Hadley, according to a Yale legend, asked his prospective father-in-law for permission to marry his daughter was characteristic. At the time this gentleman, Lucian B. Morris, occupied an anomalous political position. He had recently been elected governor of Connecticut, but his claim was disputed, and the state was in a political turmoil.

"Mr. Morris" was the way Mr. Hadley approached the subject of his call. "I hope that I—at least—may be permitted to—call you—governor."

Speed of the Street Song.

One of the curious things about the popular song is the rapidity of its dissemination among the street children. Few of them can bear it at first hand at the music hall, yet long before the latest catchy tune has found its way to the barrel organs or Sunday newspaper you will hear it rendered with amazing accuracy by tiny boys and girls. It seems to travel like rumor through an East Indian bazaar.—London Standard.

His Kick.

"Why don't you go to the doctor with that cold?"

"Can't afford it."

"You buy a pair of shoes when you need them?"

"Yes, and that ends the transaction. The doctor keeps telling me to come again."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Much of a Breakfast.

Even Pasco's generous ideas of suitable provisions for a breakfast were surpassed by a London host who entertained J. L. Molyer. Aug. 3, 1897, Molyer writes to his daughter: "I went to the last breakfast of the season of the Philodelfian society, given by Mr. Turner, a collector of rare books. Beginning with coffee and tea, we ended with sherry, champagne and mescalito; fish, roasts, odds, salads, game, puddings and ice going on meanwhile in regular order. If you asked me what I did I can only say I opened my ears to the animated and intellectual conversation and my mouth, not to eat, but to gape and gasp and wonder at the prodigious consumption of victuals at that hour of the day. When I reflected that all those people would lunch at 2 and dine at 8 I bowed my head in confusion and the fork dropped from my nervous grasp."—London Chronicle.

PEPPERY COMPOSERS.

Masters of Music Who Had Nice Tems of Their Own.

Even in the presence of his royal pupil Handel would sometimes fly into most violent passions.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Handel," a court attendant said reprovingly on one such occasion. "You should show more respect to his royal highness!"

"Royal highness!" shouted the musician contemptuously. "Bah! De respect is due to me! There are many princes, but only one Handel!"

On another occasion, when George I. sent a message summoning him to an interview, he returned his answer: "Tell his majesty he must wait. By five he is bored and bored and bored!"

Volta, the famous French musician of the eighteenth century, had an equal contempt for royalty and an exaggerated opinion of himself, as the following story shows. One day he was summoned to Versailles to play before Marie Antoinette and the court. The performance had begun the opening bars of his favorite solo commanded breathless attention, when a cry was heard:

"Place for M. de la Comte d'Artois!"

At the sound Volta immediately ceased playing, cast an indignant glance at his audience, placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the place.

When Marie Antoinette once inquired of Gluck how his new opera was progressing he answered, "Madame, it is nearly finished, and I assure you it will be superb!" a concert which was hailed by that of Maybach, who, when a friend declared that it anything better could be composed than one of his rival opera he would dance on his head, answered, "If that is so I should advise you to start practicing at once, for I have just commenced the fourth act of 'The Ligeia'!"

CURIOUS CARD TRICK.

It Deals With Odd Numbers, and the Explanation Is a Mystery.

There is a puzzle which may be performed with any odd number of objects, playing cards being usually employed, and which any one can do, but no one seems able to explain the reason for it. Let us suppose the number selected to be twenty-seven cards, although fifteen or twenty-one would do just as well.

After having thus shuffled hold them in the left hand face upward and then deal them face upward one at a time in three piles so that the fourth card comes on the first and the fifth on the top of the second and so on until you have three piles of nine cards each.

Request any person who is watching you to make a silent note of any card he pleases, and when you have finished dealing to tell you in which pile the card lies. By picking up the three piles again one at a time as before, the noted card will reappear. Ask in which pile it came that time, and place that pile in the middle as before.

Upon dealing the cards into three piles for the third time note carefully the card that comes in the middle of each pile. With twenty-seven there will be nine in each pile and the fifth will be the middle card. Now, when the person who selected the card names the pile in which his card comes you will know it was the middle card of that pile. With this knowledge in your possession you can finish the trick in any manner you please.

This is only a statement of results, but what is the explanation or reason for it? What is the rule that makes it always come out right, regardless of the number of objects used, so that it is odd?—New York Sun.

Where the Fault Lay.

A newspaper man tells of a friend who edited, with more or less success, a paper in a small town. That he was somewhat discouraged by the lack of interest shown in his journal was evidenced by this notice which one afternoon appeared on the editorial page:

"Burglars entered our house last night. To the everlasting shame of the community for whose welfare we have labored, be it said, they got nothing."—Harper's Magazine.

Bewildered Him.

"I say, Wedgie, I'm in an awful mess. Miss Smart means to sue me for breach of promise or something how'd like that?"

"Wedgie?"

"Yess. I said I was awfully sorry not to ask her to marry me, but dad would cut me off if I did, and all she said was, 'You needn't imagine I'm the kind of a girl that accepts an apology for a man.'"

Athletic Vocalization.





## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as far as possible with dates. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the query, the name of the querist and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 6. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914.

## NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John Barber Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society. — E. M. T. Continued.

1640. Hutchinson, Wm. Assessor. 1642. Hutchinson, Wm. died at Portsmouth, his wife, the celebrated Ann removed to Long Island, where herself & her whole family were destroyed by Indians.

1647. Holden, Randall, Assistant under New Charter.

1651. Holmes, Obadiah, whipped, in Mass. for Non-Compliance.

1652. Holmes, Obadiah, Copied Paston, 1st Baptist Church, Newport.

1657. Harris, Wm. inaugurates the doctrine of the higher power.

1675. Hutchinson, Capt. Edward Jun. killed in battle with Nipmuchs, at Brookfield Aug. 2.

1682. Holmes, Rev'd Obadiah, died, Oct. 15, at 75 yrs.

1690. Holmes, John, Treasurer.

1698. Holliman, James, Licensed to practice Physicks & Chirurgery.

1700. Hayden, Rev'd John, Pastor at Baptist Church, Newport, died.

1704. Honeyman, Roy'd James missionary to R. I. by Soc. for prop' Gospel for R. I.

1705. Haley, Capt. of Privateer Brig. Charles bought Spanish prize into Newport, Judge Nath'l Byfield suspended the assembly resolved that he had authority.

1734. Harard, George, Deputy Gov'r to 1738.

1737. Honeyman, James, Atty General.

1744. Helyer, Rev'd Jonathan, ordered Copation of 1st Congregational Church, with Rev'd Nath'l Clapp. He died, May 27, 1745.

1745. Hooper, Dea't Henry Jun. died Oct. 15, at 29 yrs.

1748. Highway, from Town Beach to Sachmet, laid out.

1750. Hazard, Robert, Dea Gov'r.

1750. Hingham, Capt. John, commanded a brig, which came in this year, at Easton's Beach, without a crew who were never heard of after. She belonged to Isaac Stelle of Newport, & was sold to Henry Collins, who changed her name to Beach Bird.

1750. Honeyman, Rev. James missionary to Trinity Church, died.

To be continued.

## Queries.

7329. READ, GOODWIN—Joseph Stacy Read of Cambridge married, Sept. 5, 1783. Esther Goodwin of Plymouth. Who was she?—W. W. N. Y.

7330. PRATT, FAY—Joshua (1) Pratt of Plymouth is said to have married, about 1630, Bathsheba Fay. Is this true and if so, who was she?—W. W. N. Y.

7331. BRIDGES, BARRETT—John (3) Bridges (Thomas 2, 1) of Charlestown married, 1684, Sarah Barrett. Who was she? Their children were Zachariah, John and Sarah.—W. W. N. Y.

7332. PALMER. Is anything known of the family to which Hannah Palmer belonged, who was married in 1811 to Captain William Towner of North Kingstown, R. I.? She died 1723.—J. R. R. S.

7333. SWEET.—Who was the wife of James Sweet of Rhode Island (probably North Kingstown), born 1681, died 1728? His daughter Ann married Benjamin Tanner.—J. R. R. S.

7334. HENNEYWAY.—What was the maiden name and parentage of Mary, second wife of Joshua (2) (Ralph 1) Henneyway and when were they married?—L. M. H.

7335. SPONARD.—Can anyone familiar with Tanton families give the parentage of Bathsheba Spornard, who was born April 6, 1738?—E. J. C. R.

7336. HANVY, BARRETT—Mary, daughter of Thomas Barrett of Tanton, married, March 31, 1738, Jacob Barrett. When was she born, and what was her mother's name?—E. J. C. B.

## PORTSMOUTH.

From our regular Correspondent.

At a meeting of the past Noble Grands of the Daughters of Rehekah, held at Warren last Tuesday Mrs. Frank L. Tallman of this town and quite a number from Newport were in attendance. Mrs. Dunbar of Newport returned with Mrs. Tallman and remained until Wednesday morning.

Mrs. David B. Anthony entertained a party of children Wednesday afternoon, 10 being present and eight adults. The table was prettily decorated and was set on the lawn. Sandwiches, cake and ice cream were served and games were played.

Mrs. Eliza Eager of Providence has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry S. Randall.

Mrs. Sarah G. White who has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. David Miller of West Dennis, Mass., has returned home.

Mr. Frank L. Tallman has returned from the Fair at Rockingham, N. H. His son Norman drove in the Races his horse "Boavette" which he bought at the sale of the William H. Mayer Stock, winning third money.

Roscoe Levens who was burned out about two weeks ago has rented the lower tenement on the farm owned by the heirs of the late Mary E. Austin on the West Main Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Fish of Rochester, Mass., have been guests of Mr. Lawrence Fish and family.

Rev. William H. Allen and wife and daughter Helen who were detained in Europe have arrived in this town. Mrs. Allen is daughter of Mrs. Eunice Green of this town.

Miss Lillian Briggs of New York died at the home of Mr. George Martens of Bristol Ferry. She had passed several summers here. She was taken with diabetes some time ago and had been in a comatose state for several days before she passed away. The funeral services were at Mr. Marten's residence and the burial in the Portsmouth Cemetery.

Miss Mary E. Cory of Providence and Mrs. Susan E. Wood of Newport have been guests of Mrs. Abby E. Manchester.

The Town Council met as the Board of Canvassers at the Town Hall Tuesday evening to revise the Voting Lists to be used at the coming election in November. Thirty-one names were erased from the old list and 46 added, which makes an increase of 15 names.

The following bills were paid: For crushed stone \$2,182.70. For filling roads \$466.73.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anthony of Jamestown had as guests Sunday, Mrs. Anthony's mother and two sisters, Mrs. Henry Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Frank White and Mr. and Mrs. John E. Manchester all of this town.

Mrs. Annie Langley, widow of Rev. Samuel Adams who has been living with her sister, Mrs. Phoebe Durfee for several years and has been in poor health is now worse and considered to be in a serious condition.

Mrs. Elizabeth Knowle of New Bedford, Mass., has been the guest of her father, Mr. Charles Henry Dyer.

Stephen Lee, the 15 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lee of Fall River, was seriously injured at Island Park on Labor Day. He dove from the Park pier and his head struck some rocks.

As he did not rise at once and was in danger of drowning, his boy companions jumped in and rescued him. In addition to the stunning he had a cut across his forehead which required six stitches to close. He was removed to a neighboring cottage and a physician summoned without delay. He was taken to his home in Fall River in an auto on Wednesday.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony and party who have been at Niagara Falls, Quebec and other points of interest in Canada have arrived at Franconia, N. H., where they will spend the next week, reaching home about September 18th.

The Ladies Benevolent Society of the M. E. Church met Thursday afternoon and evening, 21 taking supper. The committee was Mrs. William C. Dennis, Mrs. Almira Tallman and Miss Emma L. Brayton.

Mr. Morris Kimber of Newport gave a talk on missionary work at the Friends' Church Sunday evening, illustrated by stereoscopic views.

Mrs. Clara E. Dennis has returned from Connecticut and is with Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Conway.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown of Providence were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony over Labor Day.

Miss Jean Barclay has returned from Keene, N. H., where she was guest of Miss Dorothy Tallman for several days, including Labor Day.

George Cook who died in Tiverton was a native of this town.

## MIDDLETOWN.

Rev. Robert Bachman Jr., of Grace Church of New York, was the morning preacher Sunday last at Berkshire Memorial Chapel. He also acted as celebrant at the service of the Holy Eucharist, being assisted by Rev. John B. Diman in the absence of Rev. Latta Griswold. There was a large congregation.

Miss Florence B. Madden of Providence was guest for the week of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Spooner.

A number of neighbors and friends viewed with interest the night blowing cereus plants of Mrs. Joel Peckham and Mrs. Lydia B. Chace, whose flowers opened last week. The large blossoms, which are wonderfully beautiful, are in bloom but for one night. No amount of care or precaution can prevent them from becoming wilted by the next morning. The mature flowers were much less in number this year than usual, several of the buds falling off early in the season.

The placing this week, of an artesian well pump in the Middletown Cemetery at the Four Corners, to replace the old one so often out of commission, recalls the efforts of Mrs. Lydia B. Chace and the Women's Christian Temperance Union to secure its counterpart at the Methodist parsonage in 1905, for both these wells were put down at about the same time, by the same man, Roy Barker of Providence. Mrs. Chace raised the \$130, in 10 days, doing her soliciting on foot about the community. The pump, pipe, and placing, \$19.50, was contributed by the W. C. T. U. of which she was then treasurer. The parsonage pump has always given such splendid satisfaction that those who have occasion to use the cemetery pump will certainly appreciate the change. Mr. Charles Peckham of the Cemetery Committee had the supervision of the work.

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO. FALL RIVER LINE TO NEW YORK.

## STEAMERS

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA.

Connecting Sept. 13.—Leave Long wharf, Newport, daily, at 9.25 P. M., due New York 7.00 A. M. Meal service a la carte. Orchestras on each.

The German auto truck with its scythes distances Father Time with his primitive means of locomotion.

Senator Borah should be censured for cumbering the record with quotations from as thoroughly a discredited document as the Baltimore platform.

## (Lost Pass-Book)

THE UNDERSIGNED does hereby give notice that the Pass-Book, No. 1848, issued to Alice V. Joseph, of the City of Newport, in the Probate Court of the City of Newport, in the Partition of the Estate of the late John V. Joseph, deceased, and that said Alice V. Joseph has made a written statement to the effect of a duplicate book (hereinafter in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 65 of the Public Laws, passed by the General Assembly at the last session of the General Assembly, and in addition to the effect of the General Laws, entitled General Provisions), and that said Alice V. Joseph is the owner of the same.

ALICE V. JOSEPH.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 19th, 1914.

Estate of Alice M. J. McCaffell. WILLIAM H. HUBBARD and JOHN F. W. HUBBARD, Administrators of the estate of Alice M. J. McCaffell, late of Newport, deceased, present this list and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account copulates a credit of the estate of said Alice M. J. McCaffell, late of Newport, deceased, and shows distribution among the heirs at law, and the balance received and retained, to the twenty-first day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court of the City of Newport, for settlement of said account, and for the purpose of being published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of Charles P. Chase.

THE UNDERSIGNED does hereby give notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Middletown, R. I., Administrator of the estate of Charles P. Chase, late of said Middletown, deceased, and that he has given bond to said Court as required, and duly qualified as such Administrator.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

DANIEL M. CHASE, Administrator.

Middletown, R. I., Sept. 8, 1914.

"Meet me at Barney's"

BARNEY'S Music Store.

R. I. Normal School.

Announced the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 14, at 9 A. M. Entrance examinations Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 15 and 16, at 9 A. M.

All candidates must be graduates of approved high schools and must take entrance examinations.

Students preparing for the September examinations may apply to the Normal School for questions used in the July examinations. The school offers 4 courses of study, as follows:

1. A general course of two and one-half years, which prepares for teaching in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools.

2. A kindergarten-primary course of the same length.

3. A special course of one year for teachers of successful experience.

4. A course for college graduates. For catalogues or further information apply to the Principal, JOHN L. ALGER, R. I. Normal School, or to WALTER E. RANGLER, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 131, Providence.

BEST PRICES PAID FOR Old Engravings.

Wiseman's Art Store.

112 Bellevue Avenue.

LOST—On Tuesday, August 11, while driving a string of pearl beads. Reward by owner MARY E. CARR, care of Miss Taylor, "The Roisin", Ferry road.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, August 22nd, 1914. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of ROBERT E. SHEA, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MARY ALBROSHEA.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, August 22nd, 1914. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of P. L. LESTER, JR., late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JAMES P. LANCASTER.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Thursday, September 10th A. D. 1914, at 2 o'clock P. M., by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by George A. Seabury, bearing date of February 24th, 1894, and recorded in the office of the Town Clerk of the City of Little Compton, Rhode Island, in real estate mortgage book number 151 page 57, the conditions of said mortgage deed having been broken, that certain lot or tract of land with the buildings and other improvements thereon situate in the said town of Little Compton, bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly by land of John F. Pierce and wife; easterly by land of Sophia E. Peckham; westerly by land of Philip T. Chase, now deceased; and westerly by the Highway or West Road (so called), or however otherwise the same may be bounded and described. Set lot or parcel contains about 2 acres of land, be the same more or less.

By order of the mortgagee, who hereby gives notice of his intention to sell at said auction of any portion of or adjournment thereof.

WASHINGTON R. PRESCOTT, Attorney for the Mortgagee.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 6, 1914—6-15-14

TOBACCO SALESMAN WANTED.

Earn \$100 monthly. Expenses. Expert for unnecessary. Acquire and sell cigars from interstate for smoking and chewing tobacco. Cigarettes, Cigars, etc. Send 2 stamps for full particulars.

HEMET TOBACCO CO. 6-15-14

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## TELL THE TRUTH

That's the successful way to talk about what you have to sell. Doesn't sound so tempting as "goods at half price" sometimes, but it tastes better after you've eaten it.

If you see it in "Titus AD" you can bank on it—that's what pushes this store ahead every day of its existence.

## ROUND TOP PILLAR EXTENSION TABLES

Solid pedestal, spreading feet, finely selected oak, six feet extension and a beauty. A solid ear of them unloading today.

\$9.90

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Fall Excursions

TO THE

## White Mountains

September 8 to October 8  
Returning Until October 19

Enjoy a vacation in the White Mountains. This is the time of year when you'll see the hills in all the glory of autumn foliage. The trip will do you a world of good.

Very Low Fares

The round trip fall excursion fares are lower than the regular summer excursion fares. The hotels offer special rates during September and October.

Plenty of Amusements

You can go riding or automobiling; play golf or tennis; fish; climb mountains; tramp over trails. The climb to the top of Mount Washington is an experience you'll never forget.

For Information and Descriptive Booklet see Local Ticket Agent or write General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

## VIGILANCE FOR GOOD SERVICE

Every Bell Telephone exchange has its wire chief. He is unknown to the subscriber, but his important task is to see that the talk tracks, both inside and outside the exchange, are kept constantly in good working order. Day and night the work of testing the lines and apparatus goes on. Complaints are promptly followed up and breaks are often repaired before the subscriber knows of the trouble or is inconvenienced.

The constant vigilance of the wire chiefs keeps the miles of talk tracks and the intricate central office equipment of the Bell system in readiness for instant service.



## Providence Telephone Co.

Contract Dept. 142 Spring Street

## The Savings Bank of Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I.

(Incorporated 1812)

At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport held Friday, July 17th, 1914, the following officers and trustees were elected for the year ensuing, viz:

Wm. H. Hammett, President. Wm. Fiske Sheffield, Vice President.  
Albert K. Sherman, Wm. E. Corvill, Wm. H. Hammett, Anthony Stewart, Peter King, Wm. P. Bullen, Wm. Fiske Sheffield, W. A. Sherman, Wm. P. Carr, Bradford Norman, Wm. W. Corvill, G. F. Taylor, R. C. Stevens, Jr.

At a meeting of the Trustees held on the adjournment of the said annual meeting the following officers were elected for the year ensuing, viz:

Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer. Harry G. Wilks, Asst. Treasurer.  
Wm. P. Carr, Secretary. Edwin S. Burdick, Bookkeeper.  
Abner L. Socum, Clerk. Clark Burdick, Counsel.

Wm. P. Puffum, Auditing Committee. Wm. W. Corvill, Standing Committee.

Wm. H. Hammett, Albert K. Sherman.  
Wm. A. Sherman, Wm. P. Carr, Secretary.

## Carr's List.

The Eyes of the World, By Harold Bell Wright.

Crowds, By Gerald Stanley Lee.

The Herbaceous Garden, By Mrs. Alice Martineau.

Rock Gardens, How to Make and Maintain Them, By Lewis B. Meredith.

211-213 Thames Street, Tel. 633

WEDDING INVITATIONS OR ANNOUNCEMENTS

WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH ENGRAVED WEDDINGS, IN ANY STYLE, AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND SHALL BECOME AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBMIT SAMPLES WITH PRIORITIES.

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ASHLEY M. WILLOUGHBY, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN N. WILLOUGHBY.

NEWPORT CASINO Concerts Every Sunday Evening

Beginning at 8 o'clock.

Admission to the Grounds During the Concert 25c.

ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS

CORRECT STYLES EITHER FROM CUSTOMER'S PLATE OR FROM NEW PLATE

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

Large Returns

Have been received in past years from USING OUR

ONION SEED

AND OUR

Macomber Turnip

As well as other seeds.

Be sure to get the Genuine

At the Store of

H. L. Marsh & Co.

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By P. Barker.

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CLOSELY RESEMBLE THE ENGRAVED SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

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FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.